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THE QUEEN AT ALDERSHOT: MILITARY "TATTOO" AND TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION, WEDNESDAY, JULY 11.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

With a teetotaler who goes the whole hog there are worse things than an habitual drunkard. There is the "mealer" (who only takes alcohol with his food) and the moderate drinker, who takes claret and water and wipes his mouth afterwards (probably with the back of his hand), like the wicked woman in the Scriptures, as though he had committed no crime. Personally, I am acquainted with these two abandoned classes only, and those to whom I have put the question just now so earnestly debated, "Does your desire to drink vary with the number of the public-houses you pass?" have unanimously and rather indignantly replied to it, "Not at all." The Lord Chancellor, however, who speaks from a long acquaintance (as counsel for the prosecution or the defence) with the criminal classes, maintains that the very sight of a public-house engenders their desire for drink. They may have quenched their thirst at the Red Lion, but the spectacle of the Blue Boar a few doors away at once renews it; after "a modest quencher" at that hospitable establishment they would perhaps be satisfied but for the sight of a Yellow Primrose round the corner, which, as in the poet's case, is far from being a yellow primrose and nothing more to them. To quote the words of one who could sympathise with these renewed delights, "with every glass they feel another man, and are tempted to treat that man," and not until there are no more public-houses to be entered does it seem to them that they have had enough. One does not like to differ from a Lord Chancellor, but this statement seems almost incredible. If there is no public-house, of course no drink can be procured; but otherwise if one has "the price of a pot" in one's pocket the opportunity can never be wanting, and there is surely nothing in the mere look of a public-house to be so irresistibly attractive. The case has no parallel, except, indeed, in fiction, where a well-known personage exclaims "Here's a church!" which immediately suggested matrimony.

After all that is said about our drinking habits, they are by no means so universal, notwithstanding the far greater opportunities of indulging in them, as they used to be. The comparative fewness of the public-houses was no obstacle to those who wished to make beasts of themselves. Only those that existed were more frequented; indeed, it was perhaps because the Red Lion was farther apart from the Blue Boar than it is at present that the debauches that took place at those establishments lasted much longer. Almost everybody but the "Upper Ten" (who got gloriously drunk at home, and were nightly carried to bed by their servants) patronised the public-houses, whereas nowadays, so far as London is concerned, there are probably thousands of the upper middle classes (quite apart from the temperance people) who have never so much as entered one. Moreover, it is well known that in the sporting "pubs," which are far the most frequented, drink is by no means the only or even the chief attraction, but the facilities that are afforded for betting on the tape.

What makes drunkenness in England so particularly disgusting is that in nine cases out of ten it develops brutality; so that if the proverb *In vino veritas* is to be believed, the national character—at all events, as regards the lower classes—must be morose. One hardly ever reads of a drinking bout in which the actors become "merry." It is narrated of Addison that his characteristics were greatly improved by liquor. "When he begins to look about and like his company," says Sir Richard Steele, "you admire a thousand things in him which before lay buried. You observe the brightness of his mind accompanied with the most graceful mirth. In a word, by its [i.e., wine's] enlivening aid he becomes whatever is polite, instructive, and diverting." Unfortunately, in Steele himself liquor had an opposite effect. At first he was brilliant enough, but, "drinking glass for glass with Addison, he soon reached his meridian splendour, and became heavy and uncommunicative."

One would think, to hear what is talked and to read what is written of this vice, that it was one peculiar to the nineteenth century. As a matter of fact, there is no such excessive drinking as there was in ancient times, when the Emperor Maximinus used to take his amphora (more than forty quarts) a day, and the son of that well-known literary character, M. Tullius Cicero, piqued himself on being able to toss off two gallons at a draught. Even drinking matches were quite as common as they are nowadays, and were thought much more highly of. Xenocrates won the crown of gold that was offered by Dionysius to the deepest drinker, and afterwards disposed of it very prettily. It was the custom with victors in all exercises to leave their crowns of flowers—myrtle, ivy, and laurel—on the head of a statue of Mercury which stood at the palace gate, and Xenocrates would not break through the rule even though his crown was gold. Such was the story as we have it from his contemporaries, but commentators have refused to believe such an act of self-sacrifice, or account for it on the ground that Xenocrates, even to have dreamt of such a thing, must have been still drunk.

The *Daily News* has a pleasant story of absence of mind in a Dutchman. He presented himself a day or two ago at

the registrar's in a little village near Amsterdam, to give notice of his intended marriage. On being asked the name of the bride, however, he was compelled to confess that it had quite escaped him, and he had to return home for the necessary information. The narrator thinks this surpasses anything that has yet been told of absence of mind. But after all, it may have been owing to excess of affection, which prevented him from assigning to the beloved object any name but his own: she may have seemed already to belong to him. Moreover, to the practical mind of a Dutchman it might well have appeared that, since she was to keep her own name such a little while longer, it was hardly worth while to burden his memory with it. There have been many cases on record where persons have forgotten even their own names. Lessing was subject to the most extraordinary fits of abstraction. On his knocking at his door one evening the servant looked out of the window to see who was there. Not recognising his master in the dark, he called out: "The Professor is not at home." "Oh, very well," replied Lessing, "no matter, I'll call another time." On another occasion, having missed money at different times without being able to discover who took it, he determined to put the honesty of his servant to a trial, and left a handful of gold on the table. "Of course you counted it?" said one who knew him. "Counted it?" said Lessing, rather embarrassed, "no, I forgot that."

The Rev. George Harvest, minister of Thames Ditton, a great scholar and skilful fisherman, was one of the most absent men of his time. He was engaged to a daughter of the Bishop of London, but on the day of his wedding, being gudgeon-fishing, he overstayed the appointed hour, and the lady, justly offended at his neglect, broke off the match. With Arthur Onslow, the Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Harvest was on terms of great intimacy. Being one day in a punt together on the Thames, he began to read a beautiful passage from some Greek author, and, throwing himself backward in an ecstasy, fell into the river, whence he was with difficulty fished out. When Lord Sandwich was canvassing for the Vice-Chancellorship of Cambridge, Harvest, who had been his schoolfellow at Eton, went down to give him his vote. In a large company the two were joking together on their schoolboy tricks. The parson suddenly exclaimed: "Whence do you derive your nickname of Jimmy Twitcher?" "Why," answered his Lordship, "from some foolish fellow." "No, no," interrupted Harvest, "it isn't some but everybody that calls you so." When this gentleman's mind was not absent it was, however, very useful to him. Having lost himself at Calais, and not being able to speak a word of French, he managed to convey to the inhabitants that he was staying at the Silver Lion by putting a shilling in his month and setting himself in the attitude of a lion rampant.

I think it is Frederick Locker (in his "Patchwork") who tells us of an absent-minded landlord who called on a tenant to condole with him on the death of a valuable cow. The cause of its decease had been enveloped in mystery, and while explaining it, the landlord, though a kind and sympathising person, went off into the clouds. The last words of the narrative were: "And can you believe it, my Lord, when we opened her we found she had been choked by a large turnip that was sticking in her gullet." Here the landlord woke up, and in a congratulatory tone of voice observed, "Ah, yes, and so you got your turnip?"

I envy the good folks who travel in foreign parts without knowing a word of their lingo, and are yet perfectly indifferent to that lack of accomplishment. They are supported by a magnificent sense of superiority that carries them, as it were, high and dry over everything. I shall never get them quite to confess it, but their emotions, I know, are similar to those which human beings might entertain on passing through a territory of apes, and listening to their unintelligible chatter: their gesticulations and misplaced grimaces amuse them, but in their heart of hearts they feel a contemptuous pity for them. How dreadful it must be not to be able to speak—that is, of course, English! They seem, it is true, to a certain extent, to be able to communicate their ideas, but very inefficiently, as is shown by their using so much sign-language. People may call this attitude with respect to aliens insular, but to my mind it is most admirable and convenient. If we ever have a really strong Government (as we ought to have) Continental folks will be made to learn English; but in the meantime this condition of mind is most enviable.

Unhappily it cannot be cultivated. A man may be—indeed I know one who is—absolutely unacquainted with any language but English, and yet who is not puffed up by the fact, nor at all at his ease in consequence among foreigners. On the contrary, he is depressed with the sense of his dumbness, conciliatory to a fulsome degree in his manner and conduct, and exhibiting all the signs not only of an alien, but of an inferior and subject race. No man can know every language, so that from one point of view the Englishman who only knows his own, and has a proper contempt for all others, has no rival, since there is no place on the earth's surface where he finds himself at a disadvantage. But next to him I admire, for

Continental purposes, the polyglottist. I know one who literally speaks "every language under the sun"—that is, the Eastern ones. He knows fragments of others—quite enough to set me up as a philologist—and could talk superficially (upon scalps and squaws) with a Choctaw, but upon metaphysics and the solidarity of the peoples, he would probably be silent. He generally is silent upon those subjects, being a very sensible man; for, notwithstanding his linguistic talents, he does not remind one in the smallest degree of the gentleman who could "talk forty languages and say nothing worth hearing in any one of them." He does not speak unless he has something to say worth hearing, and, as generally happens with such persons, he is a little severe upon the loquacious. He is especially down upon those of our fellow-countrymen who, when travelling abroad, persist in talking to one another aloud in English, as though that language were as unknown to others as other languages are unknown to them. "I never tell them," he says, "that I am an Englishman myself, but let them talk on. They are persons that do not deserve either courtesy or consideration." I have no doubt he is actuated by the highest moral principles, but the situation has elements of humour which render it a temptation to remain *incog*.

The other day I was travelling with him northwards, when a very foreign-looking couple indeed entered our compartment and began to converse in what was to me an absolutely unknown tongue. This was not surprising, for if I know French sufficiently well to distinguish it from German, that is as much as I do know, but I saw that it even puzzled my polyglottic friend. The pair, a gentleman and lady, talked with the most absolute freedom, as well they might; but he cocked his ear in vain. At last I saw a queer smile upon his intelligent features. "Where do they come from?" I whispered, "Who are they?" He answered (I thought) "Bess Arabia." "But the man, too?" I said. His familiarity with the female, even to her Christian name, amazed and rather shocked me. He took no notice, however, but only shut his eyes, which was a sign that his ears were open, and composed himself for a treat, which, of course, I could only share with him afterwards. They had got a book between them, as it turned out, upon the British climate, and they quarrelled over it dreadfully. They could not agree about the month being June. At first the lady accepted the statement, but when we had got fifty miles from London the wind grew very chill and the sunshine disappeared. She pointed out that the weather was inconsistent with what June—in the book—was described to be. He admitted that it might be May or even April, but it was not September, as she maintained. Then the weather grew much worse, a furious wind and rain arose such as the South rarely has any experience of in summer. "Great Heavens!" she cried, "you must be an imbecile to talk of June. It is October." "No, no, my dear, the leaves are still upon the trees, though I confess to my astonishment: I don't know how they stick there. It must be March. March? yes, 'March [here he read from the book] is a spring month.'" My polyglot friend said he had never heard even husband and wife quarrel so desperately. We were now far north, and not only was a thunderstorm sweeping the skies but an almost total darkness, accompanied by intense cold, had supervened. The unhappy aliens clasped one another's hands. "Don't contradict me!" she cried; "do not dare to do it! I have been reading all about it. Read for yourself about the cold and fog and mist. It is November." "It is true, my darling," he replied, for she was on the brink of hysterics, "it is November!" Never was the climate of a country discussed in the presence of its inhabitants with such candour, though, I am bound to add, not without considerable provocation.

The ex-Postmaster-General of the United States was so good as to say the other day, during an interview in London, that the order and dignity of our House of Commons compared favourably with the methods observed at Washington; on the other hand, personal comfort seems to be less studied. In the *Baltimore American* of June 23 there is a very pleasant account of how Senator Call took off his hat and sat during the Income Tax debate in his stockings feet. He arrived in a blue coat and white flannel trousers like a man prepared for a hot day, and, having taken his seat, "took off his shoes and displayed a pair of large-sized Florida feet, ensconced in a pair of mauve socks," which he proceeded to put on the desk in front of him in full view of the Senate and galleries. "A thrill of injured dignity swept over the Chamber, and the senators in his neighbourhood quietly moved away, leaving only George of Mississippi and Kyle of South Dakota (who was addressing the House) to admire his hosiery." After resting himself for some time, Senator Call took his feet down from his desk and placed them on that of Mr. Kyle's till that gentleman had finished his oration. It is possible that this peculiar conduct may have been a tribute of respect to the House, such as Mohammedans pay to a mosque, but, on the other hand, it was very warm weather. It is much more reasonable under such circumstances to take off one's shoes than (as is the custom at Westminster) to keep on one's hat, but it is generally thought less genteel.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

The Finance Bill has been read a third time, and I believe there is really one man in the House who is sorry it is all over. Sir William Harcourt has thoroughly enjoyed the debates on his Budget. He has listened to endless repetitions with positive pleasure. Never has he had such an opportunity of statesmanlike advertisement, and he has made the most of it. He must have felt a pang when Mr. Balfour assented to the arrangement behind the Speaker's chair that the Bill should leave the House on July 17, but there was compensation in the thought that the arrangement did not prevent an artistic display of attack and defence up to the appointed date. So artistic, indeed, was the exhibition that the wildest Radicals were deceived. They thought the obstinate resistance to the Budget was a real attempt to consume time, and they never suspected that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who sat smiling at Mr. Bartley and Mr. Bowles, was saying to himself: "Go it, my hearties! Be happy while ye may, till the seventeenth day of July as ever is, at about twelve p.m. of the clock!" The best of an arrangement behind the Speaker's chair is that it leaves the principals free to display the artificial passions of the Parliamentary moment to admiring beholders. The Strangers' Gallery must have been deeply impressed when the Attorney-General refused to answer Mr. Bartley's speech for a plan of graduation quite different from the Bill. "We have heard all this before," quoth Sir John. "Let us come to business and the division." Then up rose Mr. Balfour in a stately rage. Were the Government afraid of discussion? Did they rely merely on their dumbly faithful majority? Was it not intolerable that the Attorney-General, instead of answering the arguments of the Opposition, should treat the debate as a mere fiction? Sir John Rigby smiled, as who should say, "My dear Sir, it is a fiction. We settled that behind the Speaker's chair. You are talking now only to fill up the necessary interval; but that is no reason why I should talk when I don't want to." But Mr. Balfour persisted, and then the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with equal gravity, proceeded to argue as if Mr. Bartley's familiar speech were quite new to him. Did not the honourable member know that his plan would be fatal to the revenue? Did he not know?—and so forth, and so forth. Nobody on the front Opposition bench could complain that Sir William did not play the comedy with due solemnity.

It cannot be said that the keeper of the public purse has refused all concessions during these prolonged outcries from down-trodden property. He has graciously consented to exempt from taxation pictures, curiosities, and scientific collections bequeathed for public purposes. Valuable works of art left to the nation will pay no estate duty. But there is a more important boon than that. When the joint incomes of husband and wife do not exceed five hundred a year, and the wife's income is made by professional earnings, the two shall be assessed separately, thus paying less income-tax than if they were mulcted on the total. This will be a great relief to a considerable number of persons, but its real importance lies in the distinction, for the first time admitted, between earnings and investments. The time is coming when the man who earns five hundred a year, or what you please, by sheer labour will pay less to the revenue than the man who receives the same amount in the shape of inherited interest. This prospect must offend the financial conscience of Mr. Bowles, who has his own private set of moral platitudes, not to mention arithmetical calculations that the Government have not the smallest idea of the real effect of their own Budget. Sir John Lubbock, too, has an exclusive standard of rectitude. He bemoaned the circumstance that there was no tribunal to which appeal could be made against the administration of Sir William Harcourt's Act. Appeals against the assessment of income-tax are now made to the Income-tax Commissioners. Does Sir John Lubbock think they ought to be supervised by some more disinterested authority, and that in the meantime there should be no Budget at all? The rumour that there would be a final struggle on the Report stage over the beer and spirit duties was not confirmed.

The course of public business now points to a sharp combat over the Evicted Tenants Bill. Piquancy was added to this situation by the reports of a misunderstanding between Mr. John Morley and the Irish members of the committee engaged in an inquiry into the administration of the Irish Land Acts. Mr. Healy was supposed to have said that not only Mr. Morley's position as chairman of the committee was threatened, but also his position as Chief Secretary. This story gave rise to an expectation that Mr. Morley would make an important statement. But nothing happened, and the spirits of the politicians who hoped for a moment that the fog end of the session was going to witness a Ministerial crisis were rudely dashed. On the other hand, Mr. Morley cannot cherish any anticipations that the difficulties in the path of the Evicted Tenants Bill will be smoothed away. There is an academic agreement that something ought to be done in this branch of the Irish agrarian question; but every conceivable way of doing it is, in somebody's opinion, open to insuperable objection. If the Bill can be steered through the Commons, certain death awaits it in the Lords. If you ask what is to become of the evicted tenants then, the favourite answer on the Unionist side is that they can be kept out of the Paris fund of the Irish party; a suggestion which, it is needless to say, is vehemently denounced by the gentlemen who are at last coming into that money.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ROYAL CHRISTENING.

On Monday, July 16, at White Lodge, Richmond Park, the residence of the Duke and Duchess of Teck, where their daughter, the Duchess of York, on June 23 gave birth to an infant Prince, the religious ceremony of baptism, according to the ritual of the Church of England, was privately performed. Her Majesty, accompanied by the Czarevitch of Russia and Princess Alix of Hesse, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and Princess Aribert of Anhalt, arrived at Richmond from Windsor. With an escort of the 8th Hussars, and hailed by the cheers of the people, the royal carriages proceeded to White Lodge. The Queen and her party from Windsor were met there by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of York, Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, with her husband, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with their children, the Duchess of Albany, with her children, the Duke of Cambridge, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Duke of Fife, son-in-law to the Prince of Wales, and the Duchess of Fife, Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, Princess Victor of Hohenlohe and Countess Gleichen, as well as by the Duke and Duchess of Teck and



THE ROYAL CHRISTENING CAKE, FURNISHED BY MESSRS. McVITIE AND PRICE, OF EDINBURGH.

their three sons; the Marquis of Salisbury, and the Earl of Rosebery.

The ceremony took place in the large drawing-room, which was adorned with flowers. In the window overlooking the park, on a pedestal covered with red cloth, was the golden bowl which has served at the christening of all children of the royal family born in England. Seats were placed for the Queen and the Duke and Duchess of York. The baby Prince was brought into the room by the nurse, and was handed by Lady Eva Greville to the Queen, who delivered him to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The most rev. prelate, in performing the baptismal service, was assisted by the Bishop of Rochester, the Rev. Canon Dalton, and the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr-Glyn. Printed copies of the service, as used in private baptism, were distributed among the company, bound in white and gold. The sponsors were the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Czarevitch, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck; also the Duchess of Fife, Princess Victoria of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and Prince Adolphus of Teck, who represented the King and Queen of Denmark, the Queen of Greece, the King of Württemberg, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. The infant Prince is named Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, recalling the names of his father, his two grandfathers, and the reputed patron saints of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

After the ceremony, the Queen took tea with the Duchess of York. The other guests were served with tea in a marquee on the lawn. The "christening cake," made by Messrs. McVitie and Price, of Edinburgh, was a beautiful work of artistic confectionery, placed on a silver stand. It was of 62 in. circumference, pure white, ornamented with the royal arms and those of the Duke of

York and of the city of Edinburgh. On its summit was a cradle of white satin and lace, with a crown and two silk banners; at its base was a wreath of flowers entwined with lace and satin ribbon; the whole being 30 in. high.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Forestier, who contributes the Illustration of the scene at the royal christening, has been commissioned by her Majesty to make a water-colour drawing of this interesting domestic and historical event.

THE QUEEN AT ALDERSHOT.

Her Majesty on Wednesday afternoon, July 11, accompanied by the Czarevitch of Russia, Princess Alix of Hesse, and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, went to the camp at Aldershot, was received by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and stayed the night at the Pavilion, to review the troops next morning on Laffan's Plain. At the Farnborough railway station the Queen was met by the Duke of Connaught, with his military staff on horseback; the French Empress Eugénie, who lives in the neighbourhood, was also there. An escort of the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons preceded the royal party to the Pavilion, where a company of the 1st Wilts Regiment formed a guard of honour. The Duchess of Connaught, with her two daughters, was there awaiting the Queen. At ten o'clock in the evening the troops mustered on ground near the Pavilion, with all their bands, drums; fifes, buglers, trumpeters, and pipers, and with numerous torchbearers, to perform a "grand tattoo." There were the Royal Warwick Regiment, the Lincoln Regiment, the Rifle Brigade, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, the Prince of Wales's Own Yorkshire Regiment, the Duke of Edinburgh's Wilts Regiment, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the Highland Light Infantry, the Worcester Regiment, the Cheshire Regiment, the Leinster Regiment, and of cavalry the Scots Greys, the 4th Hussars, and the 6th Dragoons. The bands were afterwards massed together in the centre of the ground, and performed a selection of musical pieces, in some of which all the bugles and trumpets, in others all the drums and fifes, were combined with powerful effect. A brilliant circle of torches, during this entertainment, lighted up the scene. The review at eleven o'clock next day comprised a force of nine thousand, including Horse Artillery and Cavalry, three brigades of Infantry, Royal Artillery, Field Artillery, Royal Engineers, and Army Service Corps. The Queen, with the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, was in the first of the royal carriages; the other Princesses and children in two following carriages, and the Princes on horseback.

THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF ABERCORN'S FAMILY.

We are accustomed to congratulate her Majesty the Queen upon that which must be the pride and pleasure of every good woman in her old age, the number of her beloved sons and daughters, grandchildren and great-grandchildren; but there is a lady, one of the highest rank in this country below that of the royal family, the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, who is richer than the Queen in these best gifts of a venerable maternity. It was in 1829 that Lady Louisa Jane Russell, born in 1812, daughter of the sixth Duke of Bedford, married the late Duke of Abercorn, who died in 1885. On her eighty-second birthday, a few days ago, at Montagu House, Whitehall, a hundred and one persons, of various ages, from sixty years to four months, were assembled in the ball-room to greet her whom they love and revere as their common mother or as the mother or the grandmother of their immediate parents. They moved past her Grace in a procession of families, headed by her eldest daughter, the Dowager Countess of Lichfield, with her thirteen children and thirteen grandchildren. Following these were the thirteen children and fifteen grandchildren of the late Countess of Durham, succeeded by the Duchess of Buccleuch with her seven children, including Lord Dalkeith. Next came the four children and four grandchildren of the late Countess of Mount-Edgumbe. Her Grace's remaining sons and daughters, the present Duke of Abercorn, Countess Winterton, Lord Claud Hamilton, Lord George Hamilton, M.P., the Marchioness of Blandford, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, Lord Frederick Hamilton, M.P., and Lord Ernest Hamilton, passed by, with their respective children. A photograph of the whole family party, by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, is reproduced with their permission.

THE JACKSON-HARMSWORTH POLAR EXPEDITION.

On Thursday, July 12, at Greenhithe, the Arctic whaling steamer *Windward*, with the expedition conducted by Mr. Frederick Jackson, at the cost of Mr. A. C. Harmsworth, to explore the Polar region north of Franz Josef Land, beyond Nova Zembla, departed for Archangel, which should be reached in about seventeen days. She had on board nine members of the expedition, and twenty-four men who were the officers and crew of the vessel, which will return to England after landing Mr. Jackson and his comrades, with their stores, boats, sledges, Russian ponies and dogs, and Samoyed assistants, on the southern shore of Franz Josef Land. It is hoped that they will come safely home in the summer of 1896. Several members of the Royal Geographical Society, Mr. Clements Markham, Admiral Sir E. Ommaney, Sir Allen Young, Mr. Scott Keltie, and Miss Peel, saw the vessel off. These visitors were afterwards entertained by Captain Wilson Barker on board the *Worcester*, the school-ship for officers of the mercantile marine.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

I must confess to a feeling of great surprise when I read what the majority of my confrères had to say on the subject of Mr. J. M. Barrie's "Professor's Love Story," originally produced in America, and seen for the first time in England at the Comedy Theatre, with that excellent actor, Mr. E. S. Willard, in his original creation of the love-struck Professor. For my own poor part, I found both the play and the players delightful. The notion of the play was fanciful; its treatment original. Here, surely, was an unhackneyed and unconventional piece of dramatic work. I do not think I had been so charmed in a theatre since the days of Mr. Pinero's "Sweet Lavender" or of Mr. Carton's dainty little works at the Avenue and the St. James's. Grace, taste, and humour were all blended. Who could fail to appreciate Mr. Willard's comedy manner, his consistent foggiess of brain, his unexaggerated forgetfulness? Who could fail to be delighted with the artistic expression of the first dawn of love on a prematurely old young man? This performance, from first to last, is a finished piece of polished art. It is all so gradual, so human, so convincing. No one but an actor of the first importance could have invented such business as illustrates

humour are nicely blended, and yet the play which so delighted me and a few others was found to be full of faults, and tinged, if not with nonsense, with something uncommonly like exaggeration and absurdity. The poor "Professor's Love Story" received a critical douche of cold water. Even the Scotch admirers of the novelist could find no particular merit in the play. It contains a mild jest which shows an ignorant doctor mistaking the words "*Cherchez la femme*" for a mysterious disease, and on this not very profound or valuable joke, and not very material point, our critics enlarged as if the whole fortunes of the play depended on it. They could not leave it alone. They worried it as a dog worries a bone. They kept snarling and growling over this poor joke. What they might have pointed out was that the words are far too well pronounced by the young actor who plays the ignorant doctor. A scholar who could pronounce the French words so perfectly as the actor does would certainly understand their meaning. The whole point of the mistake is lost if the doctor pronounces "*Cherchez la femme*" as well as a Frenchman would do. He should pronounce them vilely, and thus show his ignorance. However, the play does not fail or succeed on the strength of one joke. But, jest apart, the mere fancifulness of the play was said to suggest unreality. But are all our plays to be matter-of-fact and wholly destitute of fancy and

OXFORD AND YALE UNIVERSITIES' ATHLETIC SPORTS.

The two older American Universities of Harvard, at Cambridge, near Boston, in Massachusetts, and Yale College, at Newhaven, in Connecticut, enjoy somewhat the same kind of precedence in the United States as the Oxford and Cambridge Universities possess in England. With these, upon more than one occasion, they have entered into friendly international rivalry in aquatic and athletic sports. On the Thames, in 1869, a Harvard four-oared boat crew was unsuccessfully matched against Oxford rowers. At the grounds of the Queen's Club, West Kensington, on Monday, July 16, a deputation from Yale College, who had come across the Atlantic on purpose, competed with representatives of the University of Oxford in a series of exploits of agility and strength. Five or six thousand spectators, among whom were the American Ambassador and the captain of the United States war-ship *Chicago*, were present in spite of rainy weather. The performances were on both sides good, notwithstanding the bad state of the ground. Mr. C. B. Fry, of Wadham College, Oxford, won the hundred-yards race by a foot, in 10 2-5 sec. At throwing the 4 ft. hammer, from a 7 ft. circle, Mr. W. O. Hickok,

J. E. Morgan (Mile and Half Mile). E. H. Cady (Hurdles and High Jump).

G. F. Sanford (100 and 440 yards).

A. Brown (Shot and Hammer). D. B. Hatch (Hurdles and Broad Jump).

A. Pond, Jun. (100, 440 yards, and Half Mile).



W. S. Woodhull (Half Mile).

W. O. Hickok (Shot and Hammer).

L. P. Sheldon (Broad and High Jump).

THE OXFORD AND YALE UNIVERSITIES' ATHLETIC SPORTS AT THE QUEEN'S CLUB GROUNDS, WEST KENSINGTON: THE YALE TEAM.

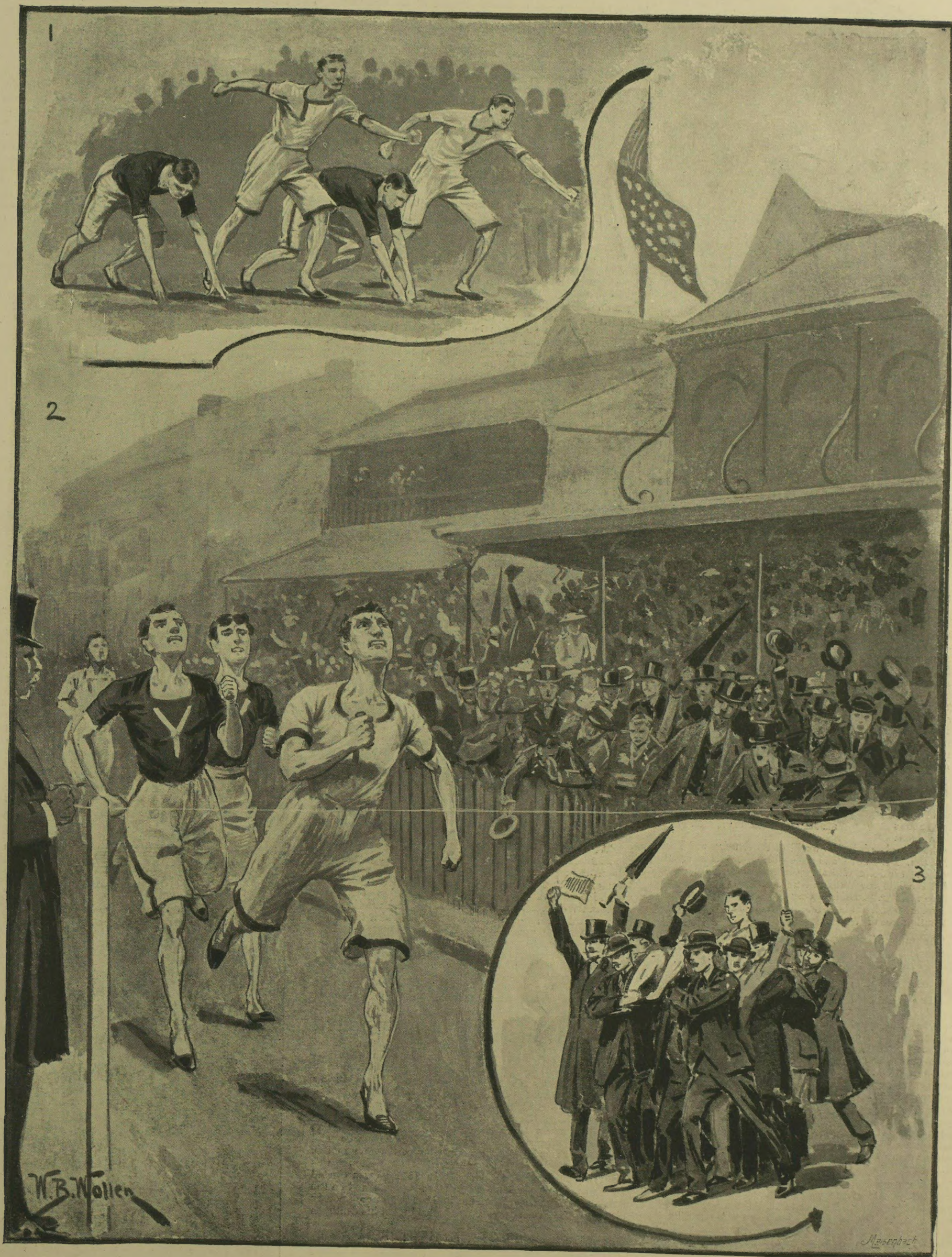
From a Photograph by J. Soame, jun., High Street, Oxford.

the first act, or could afford to give us those long pauses where no word is said but much expression used. Mr. Willard dares it all, and he succeeds. The character unfolds and develops like a flower. First dreamy doubt and musing misconfidence; next, the school-boy rapture returned to the middle-aged lover, making him do foolishly innocent things in an irresponsible fashion; and last, the agitation of disappointed hope merging into the calm satisfaction of contentment. Here, then, is a complete and interesting study of a man, to my mind wholly free from absurdity or exaggeration, delicately touched up with Mr. Barrie's own bright colour of humour, and executed with quite masterly finish by Mr. Willard. But some may have thought, and may still think, it is all Mr. Willard, and that the author has written a one-part play. Not a bit of it. There are several other small masterpieces of character-drawing, notably the pretty little original and quaint heroine, so cleverly played by Miss Bessie Hatton, the doctor who is always on the wrong scent, and those two Scotch peasants played by Mr. Royce Carleton and Mr. Tyler with such an excellent sense of humour that the audience is in fits of laughter whenever these droll creatures are on the stage. In their way they are just as faithful types as are Mr. Thomas Hardy's Dorsetshire rustics or the peasants in Mr. Pinero's "Squire." The competition for the hand of the shrewd Scotch serving-maid by Pete and his companion is surely the most admirable comedy, with no smell of the stage-lamp about it at all. There are pretty scenes in the play, the pathos and the

humour? To many it seemed sheer nonsense that the love-struck Professor should play "peep-bo" with a pretty girl round shocks of corn; to others the *ombres chinoises* on the window-blinds were ludicrous. I do not think that the Scotch peasants were treated with very much respect, and certainly Mr. Barrie was not overwhelmed with critical encouragement. The verdict of America was not endorsed at the outset by such as are experienced in these matters. But the public, when they came to see the play, applauded it with both hands. They came and expressed their delight. The house became crowded, and Mr. Willard, who had intended to close his short season, determined to go on for some weeks longer. The critical shock was over, and the success of the play was made.

Mr. Charles Wyndham has very generously asked Mr. Charles Hawtrey to take his place in "The Candidate" at the Criterion during his absence on a holiday. It is a mistake to suppose that all actors are perpetually suffering from trade jealousy. Henry Irving asked Edwin Booth to play side by side with him at the Lyceum, and invited Hermann Vezin to take his place when he was ill. And the generous attitudes and actions of a Henry Irving are shared by his brother actors. I got into a scrape the other day because I said that the present race of actors is less envious and petty minded than the one that preceded it. But I believe it to be the case all the same. The variety theatre and the music-hall sketch would both have been driven out of London thirty years ago. Thank goodness, the dog has come out of the manger!

of Harrisburgh, Pennsylvania, and of Yale, was the winner, throwing it 110 ft. 5 in. The hurdle race, 120 yards with ten flights, was won by Mr. W. J. Oakley, of Christ Church College, Oxford; and the mile race by Mr. W. H. Greenhow, of Exeter College, Oxford, beating Mr. J. E. Morgan, of Yale, in 4 min. 24 2-5 sec. A Yale student, Mr. L. P. Sheldon, of Rutland, Vermont, performed the winning long jump, 22 ft. 11 in., or 22 ft. 9 1/2 in. measured to the first indentation, according to American usage; Mr. W. J. Oakley was his nearest competitor. In the quarter-mile race Mr. G. Jordan, of University College, Oxford, won by two yards, in 51 sec. The New Englanders, however, gained victories in feats of strength; and Mr. Hickok, by "putting" the 16 lb. weight a distance of 41 ft. 7 1/2 in., far outdid his Oxford opponents. The high jump was equally attained by Mr. E. D. Swanwick, of University College, Oxford, and by Mr. Sheldon, at 5 ft. 8 1/2 in., making a "tie," or what the Cambridge wranglers call a "bracket." The programme finished with a fine half-mile race, in which Mr. Greenhow and Mr. F. W. Rathbone, of New College, Oxford, ran away from the Americans, Mr. W. S. Woodhull and Mr. J. E. Morgan, and were abreast of each other in the last fifty yards; Mr. Greenhow came in first by only six inches. The half-mile was covered in 2 min. 0 4-5 sec. Oxford had thus won five events, while Yale had won three, and one had proved equal. The superiority in running lay with Oxford, which carried off the honours of the day.



1. The Start: Different Styles of "Setting."

2. Jordan Winning the Quarter-Mile on the Post; a very fine piece of running under difficulties.

3. Chairing the Winner of the Half-Mile.

THE OXFORD AND YALE UNIVERSITIES' ATHLETIC SPORTS AT THE QUEEN'S CLUB GROUNDS, WEST KENSINGTON.

PERSONAL.

Lord Rosebery as a bishop-maker has shown another instance of the domination of the Imperial Federation idea



Photo by S. A. Walker.

THE RIGHT REV. DR. KENNION,
The New Bishop of Bath and Wells.

Kennion is not an unfamiliar figure to English Churchmen. He attended the Church Congress in Birmingham last October, and made a very clear and sensible speech on Home Reunion. In appearance tall and handsome, with a courtly and graceful manner, he quickly wins his way and makes many friends. But he has, of course, more solid qualities behind. He is an excellent preacher, with several popular gifts, and he is a wise and capable administrator. His powers of organisation are remarkable, and it is believed that the work of the Church in the west country will quickly revive under his leadership. This implies no reflection upon his honoured predecessor, for when a man has passed the age of eighty—as was the case with Lord Arthur Hervey—much slackness must inevitably be the result. Bishop Kennion was a great success as an incumbent, both in Hull and in Bradford; and he has worked well for the Church in the Colonies.

Dr. John Williams, who has received a baronetcy, is a Welshman who takes a robust pride in his nationality. He graduated at the London University, and was, until recently Examiner in Midwifery to the Universities of London and Oxford. He was introduced to the royal family by Sir William Jenner, and was appointed Physician-Accoucheur to Princess Beatrice. His latest achievement

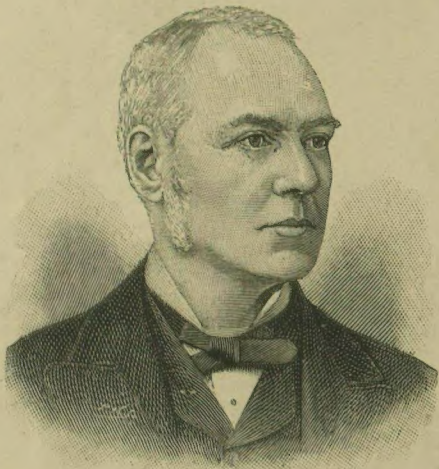


Photo by Barraud.

SIR JOHN WILLIAMS, BART., M.D.

was the bringing into the world of the Duchess of York's infant son. Dr. F. J. Wadd assisted him on this interesting occasion. Sir John Williams possesses that useful quality which the late Sir William Gull described as "a splendid bedside manner." He is a very distinguished man in his profession, which divides his affections with the literature and antiquities of Wales.

The rumour that a well-known member of the House of Commons is about to be married has excited much speculation. No name is mentioned, and surmise has ranged at will through all the marriageable politicians, old and young. The shrewdest conjecture seems to point to Mr. Balfour, who is certainly the most eligible bachelor in the whole assembly. Hitherto the leader of the Opposition has been the despair of match-making mothers in Society. Never did man appear less inclined to the silken bondage of the holy state. There be sentimental gossips who wag their heads and whisper of some bygone romance in Mr. Balfour's life. It is said that he had a strong attachment years ago to a member of a family well known for their domestic ties with Mr. Gladstone. Unhappily, the lady died very young. However this may be, there is no question that the marriage of Mr. Balfour would be one of the greatest of social events. The season which is just ending has seen the wedding of Mr. Asquith. Will next season witness that of the future Conservative Prime Minister?

Some American journalists seem to be taking the repeated defeats of the yacht *Vigilant* in very bad part. One New York paper suggests that there will be no fair race until the *Britannia* visits American waters. The idea seems to be that the owner of the American yacht has allowed himself to be beaten in order to secure the Prince of Wales's good graces. Of course, he would not venture upon anything so unpatriotic if the incorruptible eye of the New York Press were upon him. Most English people have supposed that patriotic nonsense of this sort was impossible except in "Martin Chuzzlewit." But Mr. Jefferson Brick seems to be flourishing still. There is no doubt now that the *Britannia* is the better yacht of the two, though the failure of the *Vigilant* may be due to the alterations in her structure made before her voyage across the Atlantic.

Mr. Gladstone's mind is now so entirely free from political distractions that he is devoting himself to a

project which he has long contemplated. He has prevailed upon Canon MacColl to undertake a new edition of a forgotten treatise by the Rev. William Palmer, afterwards Sir William Palmer, who published his book in 1838, a year before Mr. Gladstone published his "Church and State." The chief interest of the new edition of Palmer's work, which was an elaborate defence of the Church of England against Rome, will be furnished by two new chapters from Mr. Gladstone's pen, one of which will appear first in the *Nineteenth Century*. The aim of these chapters is to show that the old ecclesiastical order of Christendom is broken up, and that, considering the great services of Nonconformity to religion, it is idle to treat Nonconformists as heretics and schismatics. This argument ought to be studied by certain journals of the High Church party.

A recent letter of Mr. Gladstone's shows that he is able to write with great clearness, having regard to his age and impaired vision. This letter has a large ink-stain, which seems to have disturbed Mr. Gladstone not a little, for he wrote opposite to it the words: "A blind man's blot!" There is something infinitely touching in the patience and even the humour with which this illustrious man bears his infirmity.

The Americans are multiplying memorials of great English writers all over our island. There is to be a cross in memory of Tennyson near Freshwater. A bust of Keats, by Miss Whitney, has been unveiled in Hampstead Church by Mr. Edmund Gosse, who made a very felicitous speech. Everybody knows the beautiful drinking fountain erected at Stratford-on-Avon by the munificence of the late G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia. This American invasion may well be viewed with complacency, for it is perhaps the most impressive reminder of our ties of blood and speech with the great nation over the Atlantic. By the way, at the Hampstead celebration, Mr. Sidney Colvin made a suggestion which affords a further opportunity for American enterprise. There still stands in John Street, Hampstead, the house where Keats lived towards the end of his life, with the garden in which he wrote the "Ode to a Nightingale." Mr. Colvin said he had dreamed of acquiring this house and presenting it as a memorial of the poet. If any American millionaire wants to set himself right with public opinion in England, here is his chance.

There are few more delightful things in the literature of biography than Lord Dufferin's introduction to the "Poems and Verses" by his mother. It is an exquisite essay on the characteristics of the whole Sheridan family, of which Lord Dufferin is so admirable a representative. The memory of Richard Brinsley Sheridan is cleared from much injustice by the pen of his distinguished great-grandson. Writing of his paternal grandfather, Lord Dufferin gives a delightful sketch of the manners of a robust period. "He would occasionally begin an evening with what he called a 'clearer'—i.e., a bottle of port, and continued with four bottles of claret. He always retired to bed in a state of perfect though benevolent sobriety. He enjoyed, indeed, as President of some social club, the title of 'The Great Benevolence of Ireland.'" Lord Dufferin has not inherited these habits, and he deprecates the decay of the family tradition: "I have reason to complain that my two grandfathers, by overdrawing the family account with Bacchus, have left me a water-drinker—a condition of degeneracy which caused, I remember, serious concern to the older friends of the family."

The "National Trust for Places of Historic Interest and Natural Beauty" has come formally into existence under the auspices of the Duke of Westminster at Grosvenor House. The Trust will be incorporated under the Joint Stock Company Act, and will seek to acquire beautiful and interesting spots with a view to preserving them from jerrybuilders and others for the enjoyment of the public. Had such a corporation possessed the necessary powers, it might have succeeded in acquiring the Falls of Lodore or the island in the middle of Grasmere Lake. It is hoped that owners of property which ought to be preserved under the terms of the Trust will co-operate with the Provisional Council, which includes the Prime Minister, the Dukes of Devonshire and Westminster, and the Marquis of Dufferin; but a considerable amount of money will be needed if the Trust is to accomplish much, and there is some reason to fear that the public will not subscribe with liberality.

The death of Lady Grant at the ripe age of eighty-nine recalls some memories of the past which have not yet found their way into print. She was the second wife of Mr. Francis Grant, who at the time of their marriage in 1829 was better known as a sportsman and man of fashion than as an artist, although he subsequently became President of the Royal Academy. He was a younger son of Francis Grant, of Kilgraston, in Perthshire, had studied for the Bar, and at the time of his marriage in 1829 was possessed of £10,000. He promised his wife that for two years at least she should live "like a lady," and during that period he kept open house at Melton Mowbray and in Scotland, attracting hosts of friends and acquiring great popularity. At the end of two years Mr. Grant applied himself seriously to painting, taking as his special line portraiture of men and horses. His friends who had partaken of his hospitality warmly supported him in this venture, and in 1834 his "Breakfast at Melton" was accepted at the Royal Academy. In 1841 he was elected an Associate, ten years later a full Academician, and on the death of Sir Charles Eastlake, in 1866, was unanimously elected to the Presidency, which he held until his death, in 1878.

His younger brother, Sir James Hope Grant, G.C.B., also inherited £10,000, but managed to dispossess himself of it in a very different way. He was at the time a dashing officer in the 9th Lancers, a regiment in those days little addicted to economy. Major Grant, as he then was, on getting possession of his patrimony, desired that it might be remitted by his banker in Scotland to his banker in London. Unfortunately, the Scotch bank had no direct relations with London, and the money was consequently handed over to a third bank for transmission. In the legal delay of twenty-four hours, during which the intermediary bank held Major Grant's money, it suspended

payment, and nothing was to be realised when the liquidation was concluded. It only remained for Major Grant to stick to his regiment, with the small prospects of his half-pay as Colonel. Just as things seemed at the worst, the Indian Mutiny broke out, and Colonel Grant and his regiment distinguished themselves in Central India and throughout the subsequent campaign. His brilliant qualities had also attracted the attention of Lord Clyde, who, on the breaking out of hostilities with China—which eventually led to the taking of Peking—urged the appointment of Colonel Grant as chief officer of the expedition. The result need not be told. General Sir James Hope Grant, as he eventually became, left behind him a record of services which will not be soon forgotten by the present generation.

M. Paderewski proved a magnificent magnet on July 11, when Messrs. Erard inaugurated their new premises in Great Marlborough Street with a most successful reception. The great Polish pianist came over specially from Paris at the request of his friend Mr. Daniel Mayer, and delighted the highly distinguished audience which thronged the handsome music-room to the fullest extent. For chamber music this apartment is specially well adapted, and the decoration is in the best of taste. The sunshine streamed through the coloured windows, making the portraits of great composers and executants which adorn them glow with life. The benign features of Madame Schumann and Anton Rubinstein looked down upon the brilliant assemblage and served as a reminder of these famous predecessors of Paderewski.

M. Burdeau, the new President of the French Chamber, is a typical case of the talent which rises to eminence from the lowliest social condition. He was apprenticed in his youth to a blacksmith, and in the intervals of labour at the forge he devoted himself to studies which won for him a scholarship at Lyons, distinction in the Normal School, and a professorship of philosophy. His first introduction to politics he owed to Paul Bert, and he entered the Chamber as a representative of Lyons. From this moment his progress was rapid. He became Minister of Marine, then Minister of Finance, and now he occupies the exalted position of President of the Chamber at the age of only forty-three. In the course of a few months probably we shall hear that M. Burdeau is Prime Minister. His career is entirely free from the reproach which has blotted the public lives of too many French politicians in recent years, and even M. Coppée, who never ceases to inveigh against Parliamentary Government as a well of corruption, would find it difficult to discover a blemish in M. Burdeau's integrity.



M. BURDEAU.

The New President of the French Chamber of Deputies.

THE SIR JAMES WHITEHEAD CHALLENGE CUP,
BISLEY RIFLE MEETING.

In the shooting competition with revolvers, on Saturday, July 14, at the Bisley annual meeting of the National Rifle Association, a Volunteer officer, Captain T. W. Heath, proved the winner, scoring 40 at the range of twenty yards, and 31 at fifty yards. The Challenge Cup, given by Sir James Whitehead, Bart., was manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and of 158 to 162, Oxford Street.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, left Windsor for Osborne House, Isle of Wight, on Thursday, July 19.

The visit of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud, to Lord and Lady Penrhyn, at Penrhyn Castle, near Bangor, was continued from Tuesday evening, July 10, to Friday, July 13. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster, the Earl and Countess of Powys, Lord and Lady Mostyn, Sir Richard Bulkeley and other persons of rank and position in North Wales were invited to meet them. On Wednesday, July 11, their Royal Highnesses went to Carnarvon, received an address from the municipal corporation, as they had at Bangor, and visited the National Eisteddfod of Welsh bards, orators, and musicians, over which Lord Penrhyn presided. An ode was read by the poet Mr. Lewis Morris; an address, inclosed in a silver model of Carnarvon Castle, was presented to their Royal Highnesses. The ceremony of crowning the bard for the year with a prize silver coronet was duly performed, he being the Rev. B. Davies, a Congregational minister, author of the best poem on Lord Tennyson; there was a competition of singing choirs, won by the Holyhead Harmonic Society, and other prizes were awarded. A "Gorsedd," or Grand Bardic Court, was held in Castle Square, presided over by the Venerable Archdruid, who is in his ninety-fifth year, and who was assisted by the Chief Bard, Hwfa Mon. The Prince of Wales was initiated as "Iorweth Dywysog," or "Edward the Prince"; the Princess of Wales as "Hoffder Prydain," or "Britain's Delight"; Princess Victoria of Wales as "Buddug," or Boadicea; and Princess Maud as "Mallt." The royal party were conducted by Sir John Puleston, Constable of Carnarvon Castle, to see the remains of that stately fortress, and were entertained with a luncheon, at which Mr. Greaves, the Lord Lieutenant of

of the Prime Minister, the Judges of the High Court and the Court of Appeal, and a large assemblage of the Bar and the public.

Alderman Sir Stuart Knill has received an address in an elaborate casket, presented by his fellow-Catholics on his vacating the office of Lord Mayor, as a token of their respect.

At the Bisley Rifle Meeting on July 17 the first stage of competition for the Queen's Prize was reached. The Elcho Challenge Shield was won by Scotland, and the Ashburton Public Schools' Shield by Rugby.

The financial position of Christ's Hospital, and the intended removal of the school to Horsham, were discussed on July 11 at a meeting in the Mansion House, presided over by the Lord Mayor. The Duke of Cambridge, Baron F. de Rothschild, Sir F. Dixon-Hartland, M.P., Sir Sydney Waterlow, and Sir Owen Roberts criticised the scheme of the Charity Commissioners, and resolutions were passed demanding further inquiry.

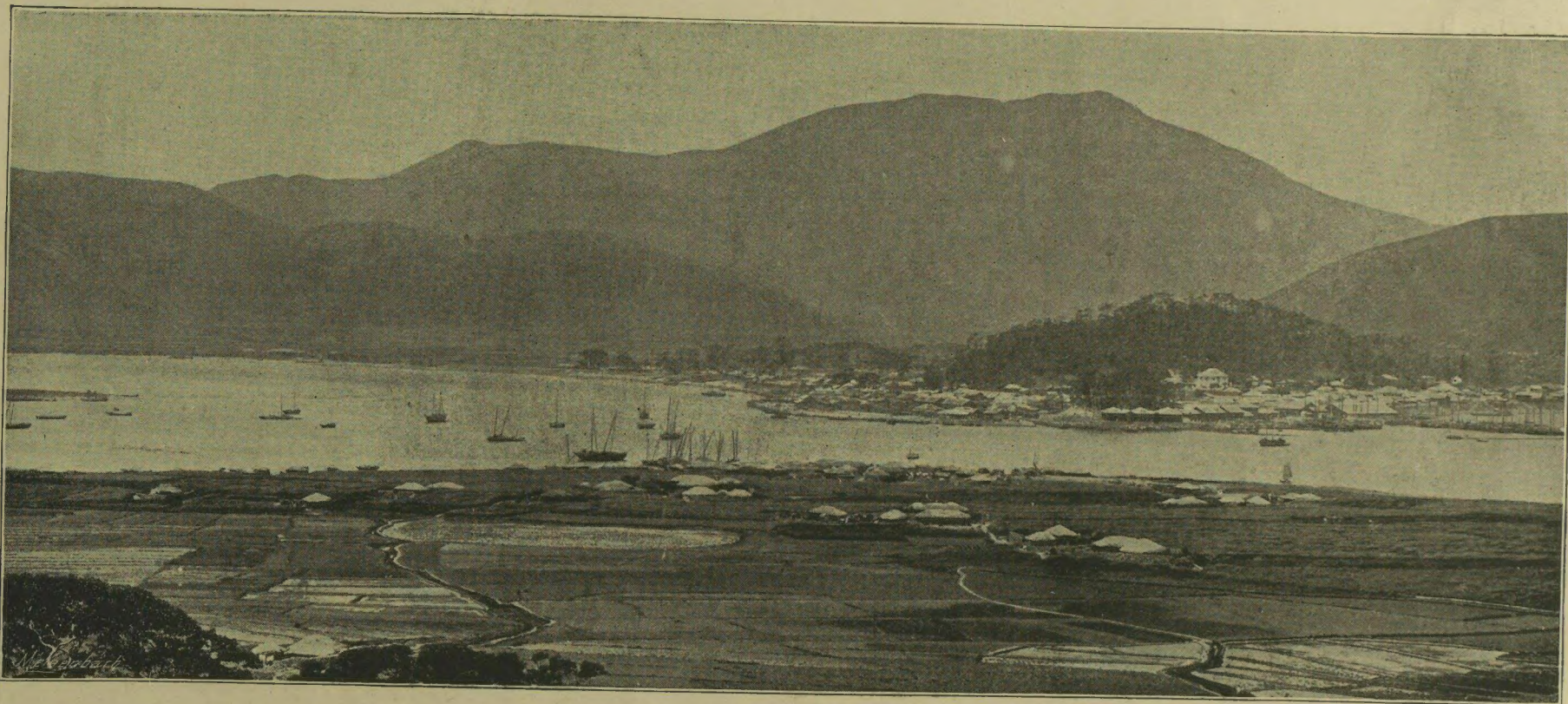
The ceremony of unveiling, in the parish church of Hampstead, the bust of John Keats, an American gift, took place on Monday, July 16. Mr. Edmund Gosse, Lord Houghton, Mr. Sidney Colvin, Professor F. T. Palgrave, and Mr. T. Willis Clark, spoke briefly in acknowledgment of the gift. A sonnet composed for the occasion by Mr. Theodore Watts, and a letter from Mr. Swinburne were read.

The debates in the French Chamber of Deputies on the Government Bill for the summary trial of Anarchist conspirators and the suppression of newspaper reports, began on Tuesday, July 17. The Revolutionary festival of the capture of the Bastille, on July 14, passed off without any remarkable demonstrations or popular excitement. The principal event of the day was the unveiling of a statue of Condorcet. An extraordinary story has been published

The Sultan has provided tents in the gardens of Yildiz Kiosk for the accommodation of the people camping out, and the Khedive is accommodated on board a yacht. The grounds of the British Embassy are likewise opened as a shelter for the people. The Khedive of Egypt would leave Constantinople on July 18 for Venice, on board his own yacht, the *Mahroussa*.

Morocco appears to be quietly settling down under the new Sultan, Abdul Aziz; but the late Grand Vizier and the late War Minister have been arrested for an alleged treasonable plot.

In the United States of America, the alarming threatened insurrection of labouring men all over the Western States has suddenly collapsed; but immense damage has been inflicted on property, trade, and industry. The orders for a general strike issued by the officers of the Chicago Joint Trades and by the Master Workman of the Knights of Labour have not been widely obeyed. The situation continues to improve, and the railway service is being carried on with comparative ease. Mr. Debs, the president of the Railwaymen's Union, has been indicted with certain others for obstructing mails and hindering United States business and executive laws. He is now on bail. A fatal conflict has taken place in Illinois between a mob and a body of troops. There has also been a fight of miners on strike with the deputy-marshal's men at Birmingham, in Alabama, where six men were killed and twenty wounded. In Michigan on July 16 the strikers on the Grand Trunk Railway wrecked a passenger train west of Battle Creek, in the night. The locomotive turned over, and the coaches were wrecked. The stoker was killed; the driver, the guard, and the brakeman were badly hurt, and several passengers were injured. In the city of Chicago, on the same day, while a detachment of Federal artillery was moving along the Grand Boulevard towards Hyde Park, a powder-wagon



THE PORT OF FU-SAN, IN THE NORTH OF COREA.

Carnarvonshire, presided. They returned to Bangor in a steam-yacht belonging to the Hon. F. Wynn, High Sheriff of the county, escorted by other vessels. There was a concert of Welsh harpers and other music at Penrhyn Castle in the evening. Next day, Thursday, July 12, Lord Penrhyn took his royal guests, with a party including the Duke of Westminster, Lord Kenyon, Lord Boston, and Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, to see his great slate quarries at Bethesda, with a special exhibition of blasting the slate. They also visited the romantic scenery of Ogwen Lake and the Pass of Nant Francon. On Friday, at noon, bidding farewell to Penrhyn Castle, their Royal Highnesses, still accompanied by Lord and Lady Penrhyn, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, and others of the nobility, travelled to Rhyl. Here they were received by the High Sheriff of Flintshire and the Rhyl Improvement Commissioners, whose chairman, Mr. Mostyn Williams, presented an address. The Princess of Wales laid the foundation-stone of the new building of the Royal Alexandra Hospital and Convalescent Home for Children, of which the Duke of Westminster is president and her Royal Highness is the patroness. The Bishop of St. Asaph took part in the proceedings, which were excellently arranged by Colonel Hore, the chairman; and a hundred children presented to her Royal Highness purses of money collected for the hospital fund. The Prince of Wales and the Princesses left Rhyl by way of Crewe for London.

The Duke of York's Military School at Chelsea, which was inspected by the Duke of Cambridge on July 11, contains 550 boys, sons of soldiers; during last year 93 enlisted in the army, and there are now 1466 in different regiments who were in this school, of whom fourteen are commissioned officers, sixty are warrant officers, and 514 non-commissioned officers, all being of good character.

It is announced that the Duke and Duchess of York will visit Liverpool in September, to lay the foundation-stone of the new Post Office building. The Duke of York visits Aberdeen on Aug. 18.

Lord Russell, the new Lord Chief Justice of England, was sworn in on July 11, and took his seat in the presence

of Anarchist plots to prevent the execution of Emile Henry. One scheme included the carrying off of Madame Carnot as a hostage. The new President, M. Casimir-Périer, has received his old comrades in the war of 1870, who congratulated him upon his elevation, and presented him with a work of art in bronze.

In Italy the new laws against the Anarchists have been passed by the Chamber of Deputies at Rome, in spite of the determined opposition of the Radicals. These laws, which have passed the Senate without opposition, are three: the first dealing with crimes committed by means of explosive substances, the second with Press offences inciting to crime or amounting to an apology for crime, and the third enforcing a fixed residence, under police surveillance, for persons reputed dangerous to the public safety.

The financial measures of the Italian Government have been passed by the Chamber of Deputies, including the tax of twenty per cent. on stocks and shares. The Committee on Naval Construction has decided to construct two new battle-ships of the first class, three of the second class, and three of the third class, with a number of torpedo-boats and torpedo-catchers.

The cholera is on the increase in St. Petersburg, the present outbreak being much more severe than that of last year. There were sixty-nine deaths on Saturday, July 14, and 218 fresh cases were reported. Stringent precautions are taken against the spread of the disease.

The recent thunderstorms and rains have done the crops much damage in various parts of Germany. Upper Bavaria was visited by a hurricane of great violence, which destroyed many buildings in several villages, and a water-spout ruined the prospects of the harvest over a large area. Many families are homeless. The Prince Regent of Bavaria has sent a donation of money for their relief, and pioneers have been dispatched to the scene of the disaster.

The recent earthquake at Constantinople and around the shores of the Sea of Marmora proved fatal to several hundred lives. The shops and places of business in Stamboul, Pera, and Galata are almost entirely deserted, the occupiers being afraid of returning to their houses.

exploded, killing three soldiers, fatally wounding one, and seriously injuring three. The House of Representatives at Washington has passed a resolution approving the President's prompt and vigorous action in dealing with the strike, pledging him hearty support, and declaring that the success attending his efforts is a cause for public congratulation. Some members voted against the resolution, and one spoke against Federal interference with State authority.

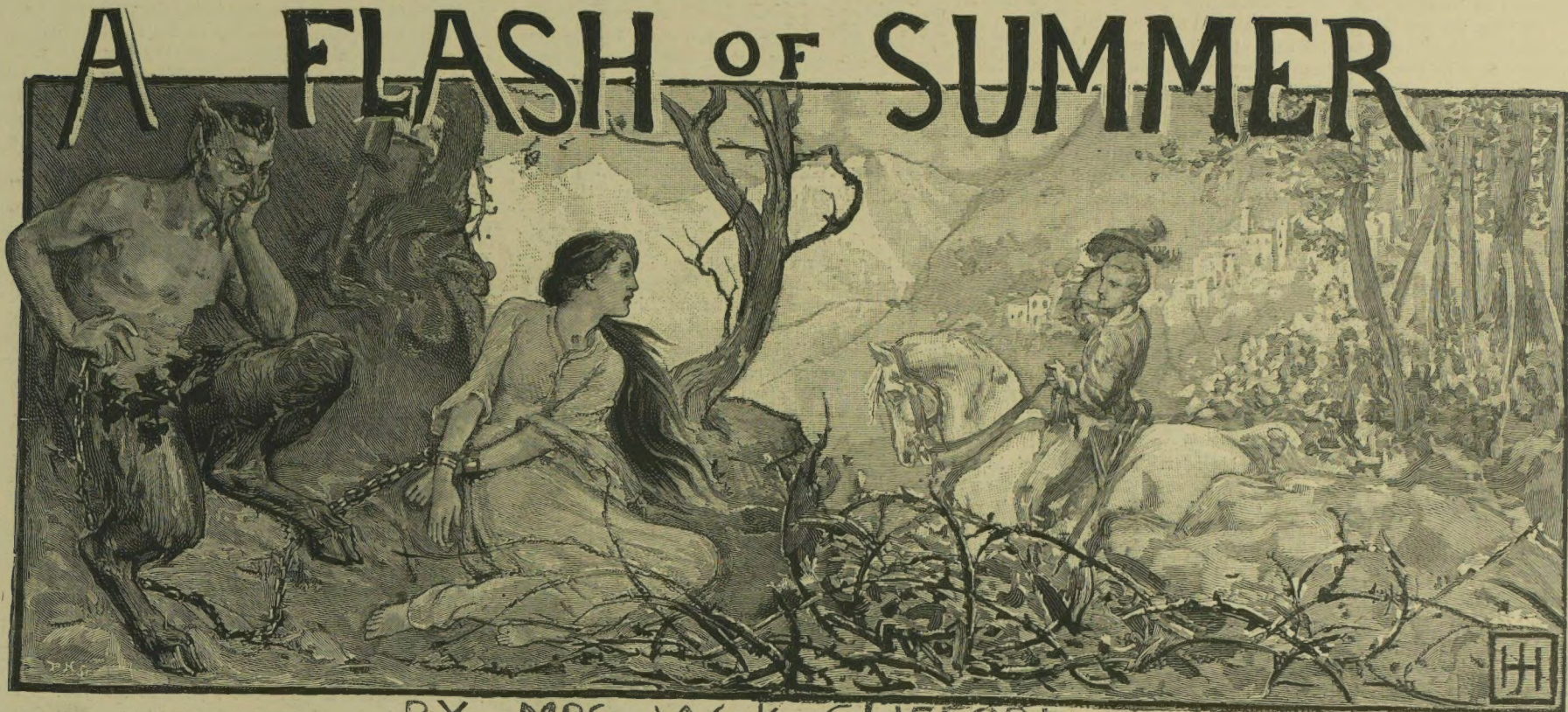
A GLANCE AT COREA.

The far east of Asia is occasionally, like Europe, disturbed by the jealousies of rival empires, when a country in an intermediate geographical position seems likely to fall into anarchy and to be incapable of self-defence. China and Japan are by no means agreed upon what shall be done with Corea, or whether the one or the other Power should let it alone. To the north is a third Power—namely, Russia, whose intended policy is kept dark. Japan has occupied part of Corea with an army of eight thousand men, to enforce certain demands of administrative reform. If war should ensue between Japan and China, it will be naval, in the first instance, but diplomacy may yet intervene to avert it. Corea is the large peninsula, nearly equal in size to Great Britain, which separates the Yellow Sea of China, including the Gulf of Pecheli, with Tientsin and Peking, from the North Pacific Ocean. Its southern extremity nearly approaches the western Japanese islands, there being a channel scarcely two hundred miles wide, studded with numerous islands. The interior of Corea is mountainous, and some regions have not been visited or described by European travellers; but it is believed to be rich in minerals, and the climate is favourable to agriculture where the soil is fertile. The population is estimated at nine millions, of a Mongolian race distinct from the Manchu Tartars of Northern China, as well as from the Japanese. Corea has for centuries past been an independent kingdom, but there are some ancient Chinese claims of conquest or tributary subjection. What little trade it has is mainly with China. A Chinese force has been sent to Chemulpo, on the west coast.



DEPARTURE OF THE JACKSON-HARMSWORTH POLAR EXPEDITION FROM THE THAMES: "GOOD-BYE!"

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BY MRS W. K. CLIFFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY G. P. JACOMB-HOOD.

AUTHOR OF "MRS. KEITH'S CRIME," "AUNT ANNE," &c.

CHAPTER III.

Katherine was too much of a girl to be a companion to her husband, and she was too unsophisticated and inexperienced to hold a man who was not even in love with her. He had nothing to say to her nor she to him. Even their honeymoon, though for the first few days he watched her with a half-curious amusement, bored him; before ten days were over he had discovered a secret amusement in making her wince under those little gibes that he knew would sooner or later have a brutal development. They went to Windermere and stayed at the hotel near the station. The snow still clung high and white to the mountains, but the trees were sprinkled with early green, and the spring flowers were hiding among the tangle of the woods and hedges. The beauty of the scenery took her altogether by surprise. When

it first burst upon her in the railway-carriage, between Oxenholm and Windermere, the day after her marriage, she gave a cry of joy and bewilderment.

"Oh, it is lovely, it is wonderful!" she said. Her manner pleased Mr. Belcher; he was almost tender as they stood, an hour or two later, by the lake's side, and he waited for more remarks akin to that one in the train. But Katherine was not in the habit of talking much, and, moreover, had never been on an easy footing with Mr. Belcher, nor, indeed, with any one in her whole life excepting, perhaps, her school friend Alice Irvine. She looked up at the great hills and felt the beauty of the whole place wrap round and round her like a dream of which she was in the midst; but, like a dreamer, she had no words to say to the living man beside her. They took long walks almost in silence, while he thought of

matters wholly unconnected with his surroundings, and she felt the world stretch itself out before her eyes and realised how little she knew, concerning it. Sometimes during that first week Mr. Belcher looked at her half contemptuously as she sat back in the boat which the sturdy North-countryman rowed across the lake, or along the edge beneath the shadow of the mountains, and wondered how he was to get through the next three weeks allowed to his honeymoon, with a schoolgirl in a serge frock and a sailor hat. It bored him after a time even to worry her.

Then, luckily, they made acquaintance with a Mr. and Mrs. Oswald, who were staying at the hotel. He was a barrister of forty, dark and slim and leisurely, with kind grey eyes that gave Katherine a sense of safety when she looked at them. In some undefined manner it floated through her mind that if



Sometimes during that first week Mr. Belcher looked at her half contemptuously as she sat back in the boat which the sturdy North-countryman rowed across the lake.

Mr. Belcher were cruel to her Mr. Oswell would protect her. He seemed to be fond of his wife. Katherine used to see them walking up and down together in front of the hotel, after dinner, evidently engrossed in each other's conversation. Sometimes she heard them laughing as if they were amused, and when they were silent it was the silence of two people who were companions. "I can feel that they are married," Katherine thought. "They are like the husband and wife one reads about: they are very different from us." She could not imagine that a time would ever come when she and Mr. Belcher would walk up and down and talk in a low voice, and be content together.

At first sight Mrs. Oswell was hardly equal to her husband; she was a tall handsome woman, with a good many rings on her fingers, and clothes too smart for a country hotel. She was two or three and thirty, perhaps; and had a manner that was a little masterful, but it gave way immediately before her husband's quiet one. She took pains to be agreeable to Mr. Belcher, chiefly because her husband had taken a violent dislike to him, "which is thoroughly immoral of you, Fred," she remarked. "Mr. Belcher is a solicitor, and rich; I can see it in the cut of his frock-coat at the table-d'hôte, and you are the inevitable barrister. The rest need not be explained."

"I hate the look of him, and I am certain he bullies that unlucky girl he has married. I saw a horrible smile on his face yesterday, when he had evidently made her miserable."

"Probably there's something to be said on both sides," Mrs. Oswell answered.

"He can be polite if it is expected of him: she expects him to behave like a tyrant, so he does."

The Oswells and the Belchers had a little square table to themselves that night. Mrs. Oswell, perhaps on purpose, informed Mr. Belcher in the intimate manner of people who have been together three days on board ship or a week in the same hotel, how many presents her husband made her and how terribly she bullied him, though she humoured him sometimes.

"Do you make your wife many presents, Mr. Belcher?" she asked. "You look like a generous man."

"I should make a wife like you a great many," he answered, with a smile that was meant to be fascinating.

"Perhaps she does not humour you enough. Mrs. Belcher," she went on, "always humour men; it never does to be too strict with them." Katherine, who felt that Mrs. Oswell was a good-natured but rather vulgar person, merely smiled across her soup.

"I don't think I shall find my wife too strict," Mr. Belcher said significantly.

"Beast!" thought Mr. Oswell. "I'll bet that girl runs away from him or breaks her heart before she is five years older." Then there followed a conversation that Katherine was to remember all her life, for every word seemed to burn itself upon her brain as though it were a portion of her history; and yet the subject seemed a trivial one. "When you have been married as long as I have," Mr. Oswell said to Mr. Belcher, trying to make things easier for her, "you won't be so confident. Still, I manage to get my own way sometimes—eh, Bee? Do you remember when you had set your heart on going to Ventnor, and I had set mine on a sea voyage?"

"You were a brute," she laughed. "He was indeed, Mrs. Belcher. There are some horrid boats that go to the Mediterranean every week. Will you believe that he beguiled me to Southampton under the impression that I was going to the Isle of Wight, and calmly took me on board one of them, and I sat quite still and innocent, to discover presently that we were on our way to Gibraltar?"

"Excellent experience for you, I should think," Mr. Belcher said, trying to be pleasantly sarcastic.

"You ought to take your wife that trip some day," Mr. Oswell went on; "they are capital boats, picturesque route, and not at all expensive."

"And they go to the Mediterranean?" asked Katherine. It sounded like the other side of the world.

"They go first to Gibraltar," Mr. Oswell answered, glad to talk to her. "And there you get your first experience of the South. The scent of the orange-trees almost choked me; and the pepper-trees—long, drooping pink bloom they have—were simply wonderful."

"And such handsome men," Mrs. Oswell put in.

"Yes; go on," Katherine said, not even hearing her. "I would give anything to go abroad."

"Then make your husband take you; don't give him any peace till he does," Mr. Oswell continued. "It's really an excellent thing to do," he added, turning again to Belcher. "From Gibraltar—you only stay there a few hours—you get on to Genoa—"

"To Genoa," Katherine said.

"Skirting the shore—seeing Spain and Marseilles as you go by, superb olive-woods and orange-trees and palms—mountains in the background, vastly different from these hills, I can tell you. It is a wonderful thing to go to Italy for the first time. I like the small places best myself—little places not overdone with English people. There are a few of them along the coast still."

"He ought to live in a tomb," Mrs. Oswell said, laughing; "he delights in being buried. Naples and Genoa were all very well, and we picked up all sorts of pretty things at the shops, but I couldn't bear those dull little places where the people lived on macaroni and looked at the sea and the mountains all day, or went to Mass in the morning, and spent their evenings round dim little lamps that didn't even attract the mosquitoes. I don't care for 'dear, dear abroad'; do you, Mr. Belcher?"

"I generally stick to England," he answered.

"That's what I like," said Mrs. Oswell; "give me Scarborough, or even Brighton, and a good spin along the King's Road behind a pair of horses. What do you say, Mrs. Belcher?"

But Katherine was feeding Dottel, who had accompanied them on their honeymoon, and made no answer. Perhaps Dottel was the only compensating element in her marriage. He was growing bigger though not gentler, and the

developing savageness of his nature was a grim enjoyment to his master, who liked to see people shrink away from him and draw up their toes under them.

"Edward," she asked timidly as they stood by the door together for a few minutes while the Oswells took their nightly walk up and down, "do you like Mrs. Oswell?"

"Yes," he said with the leisurely air of repletion that always beset him after a meal, "she is the sort of woman I do like."

"She is very good-natured," Katherine said gently, ashamed of not liking her better; "but I think she is rather vulgar."

"Oh, nonsense! she has plenty of go. Men like lively women with lots to say for themselves."

Mr. Oswell came up the steps.

"Would you care for a game of billiards?" he asked, while his wife put out her hand towards Katherine.

"Come for a little stroll," she said, "and let our husbands pursue their wicked ways together."

Katherine descended the steps gratefully. A tête-à-tête with one of her own sex was virtually a new experience. Mrs. Oswell looked at her in the twilight: and her heart went out to the slim girl. "It's an excellent thing to shunt our men sometimes. They like us better when they return. Don't you think so?"

"I haven't had much experience of shunting them yet," Katherine answered, with a laugh that was almost joyous. Mrs. Oswell made her feel light-hearted, and her manner was distinctly kindly: besides, it was a relief to be free of Mr. Belcher, even for a quarter of an hour.

"Tell me how long have you been Madame?" Mrs. Oswell asked confidentially. "You look as if it had been the day before yesterday."

"It was nearly a fortnight ago."

"And was he a widower?"

"Oh, no! Why?"

"He looks it. I am glad he wasn't, can't torment you with the virtues of his dear departed—probably he'll find some other way," she thought. "Why did you marry him? Were you very much in love?"

"I married him," Katherine answered reluctantly, "because Uncle Robert wished it, I think. I didn't want to be married so soon."

"Never mind, it's a good thing over. There's too much difference in your ages of course, but he'll be all right if you manage him properly. Don't let him bully you."

"Oh, no," Katherine said, rather distantly, for she did not want to discuss him with Mrs. Oswell.

"I always feel so much for men," Mrs. Oswell went on, "we know so little about them. I feel convinced that you know very little of Mr. Belcher. A man of his age may have had all sorts of troubles."

"Troubles?"

"Oh, yes; you don't know how badly he was jilted when he was twenty-four, or that he didn't lose a lot of money later on—or that he hasn't been bothered to death by relations, or suffered horrible physical pain and said nothing about it. It never seems to occur to women how much history a man may have of which he says nothing at all. A woman's career is usually known to all her intimate friends, and handed on to her acquaintance; a man's, as a rule, is only known to himself—and perhaps to one woman who doesn't appear."

"I wonder if he has suffered things—" Katherine said, looking out towards the lake, and feeling, as she did so, that Mrs. Oswell was pushing open the gate of life a little wider.

"Disagreeable people generally have; and you know, my dear, he does look disagreeable sometimes. I say it to reconcile you to it. I always feel as if they were distributing round the knocks they have received themselves. But don't let him bully you. He's the sort of man who will if he can. Look very good-tempered, and laugh at him when he begins."

"You always seem to be laughing, Mrs. Oswell."

"It's such a safeguard against crying. You must let me come and see you when you're in town; I like you," she added suddenly. "I wonder what our husbands are doing—I hope Mr. Belcher will like Fred. Now, that man, Mrs. Belcher, is simply an angel, qualified, I am thankful to say, with a few of the weaknesses which apparently get worn out in this charming world, so that there are none left for a future one."

Katherine looked up at her with curiosity. "Is it a charming world?"

"Delightful! The people in it are so nice, occasionally bores, but kind, good creatures most of them, let that comfort you to reflect upon: it is the experience of someone a good deal older than yourself. There are exceptions, of course; but it is a wise thing not to believe it, or else to think yourself the exception, and then you get along all right."

"I think," said Katherine, after a moment's pause, "you must be very happy."

"Yes, I'm very happy," Mrs. Oswell answered quickly. "I'm a woman, and married to the man I like best. I am strong and healthy and well, and live in a beautiful world, believing that the people in it mean well towards me and each other, and that if things go wrong it is merely an accident. And I have the art of being amused."

"Yes; and you are not afraid of—anything," Katherine said, afraid of betraying too much.

"No, dear, of nothing," and Mrs. Oswell gave her companion's arm a sympathetic pinch. "My husband is an excellent companion, and has never been disagreeable for a minute. Of course, I pretend he has: I wouldn't let him know that he possessed the ghost of a virtue for the world, he'd be ashamed of it and try to live it down."

"I'm glad you said that about the world," Katherine said, not heeding the latter part of Mrs. Oswell's speech. "It makes me feel happier."

"Happiness is so often merely the result of one's own way of looking at things," Mrs. Oswell answered, while she thought to herself, "but if you find a way of looking at

Mr. Belcher and getting any happiness out of him I shall be surprised."

The Oswells went on to Ambleside the next morning. Mrs. Oswell took her place on the top of the coach in high spirits, and waved her hand to Katherine as they drove away.

"A nice woman, Mrs. Oswell," Belcher repeated to his wife, "sort of woman I like. I wish you would learn to be lively, Katherine." She looked round at him with a smile that came and went quickly, like a flash of sunshine on still water.

"I'll try to be," she said as they walked on. "You frighten me, sometimes," she went on timidly, "but I want to be happy and to make you so if I can—at any rate to please you," she added, for it struck her that it would be rather hopeless to try and make so formidable a person as Mr. Belcher happy.

"I shall let you know if you don't please me," he said, with a sardonic smile. She looked at him and hesitated before she found courage to put the question that came to her lips.

"Why did you marry me?"

"I thought I might as well, there wasn't anyone else, was there?" he asked mockingly.

"No." They walked along the road in silence for a minute or two. Then she looked up at him as if she were speaking aloud her thoughts.

"I've been thinking about it all night," she said gently. "We are married and have to be together all our lives; but I feel as if I were in your way."

"And that you like me very much?"

"No," she answered, raising her blue eyes truthfully to his, and speaking reluctantly, "I don't like you much, though I feel that I am bound to you and cannot get away. I am too much afraid of you—but I want to like you. I wish we could be friends and companions like Mr. and Mrs. Oswell."

"Well, you see you are not Mrs. Oswell, and I'm not Mr. Oswell, and that makes a difference. I'm afraid I can't talk sentiment, Katherine; perhaps I shall when you are ten years older, or someone else will for me. Meanwhile, here we are at the hotel. You had better go and walk about in the garden—I have some letters to answer."

"I'll go and see Dottel," she said, with a choke in her voice.

"Nuisance a schoolgirl is!" he said to himself. "She hasn't any flick. If she'd told me to go and be d—d I should have liked her."

Dottel was safely chained up in the yard, for he was a visitor not wholly appreciated by the hotel proprietor. She unfastened him and took him with her up a little pathway to a wooded knoll behind the hotel. The buds were showing themselves on the brown trees, and there were little clumps of primroses and violets in the underwood. She remembered the one she had tried to prevent Mr. Belcher from seeing in the garden at Shooter's Hill long ago, feeling that it would be sacrilege for his eyes to rest upon it; and she thought of Uncle Robert, who had gone by this time to some rooms in Bloomsbury; and of Susan Barnes away in Somersetshire with her own people; and of Martyr. Poor stupid Martyr! He was lying deep in the muddy Thames halfway between the Old Swan Pier and North Woolwich. She remembered the day when for the last time he had dragged himself down the garden, and, with half-blind eyes and feebly wagging tail, followed her uncle and Mr. Belcher to Woolwich. They carried with them two bricks and some string, and they had to keep looking back and calling Martyr to prevent him from turning home again. Mr. Belcher insisted on telling her, the next time he came, how they had taken a little boat, and rowed out towards North Woolwich; and then they had tied the brickbat round Martyr's neck, and put his head in a bag, and midway across the river lifted him over the side of the boat. He seemed to find a pleasure in her tears, and went on with a malicious laugh that made her angry even now while she remembered it. She put her arms round a tree-trunk and drew up closer to it, and told herself with strange unbelief, as though she doubted if it could be true—that she was married to Mr. Belcher, and had to spend all the years of her life with him.

Then the blue lake beneath and the great hills beyond comforted her. The sunshine was sparkling on the water and lighting up the streaks of snow on the mountain-tops. "How beautiful it is!" she said to herself—and stood looking into the distance; "the whole world seems to be beautiful," and she remembered Mr. Oswell's account of his travels and her talk afterwards with Mrs. Oswell. "I should like to walk all over it—alone. Perhaps some day when I am older Edward will be different and take me to Italy, only," and the tears rushed into her eyes, "I should like so much better to go alone."

CHAPTER IV.

"That's over," Mr. Belcher said as they took their place in the train at Windermere. "Rather waste of time—don't you think so, Katherine?—going on a honeymoon, eh?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I suppose people always go away when they're married?"

"Just as they do a great many other stupid things. Perhaps we shall get on a little better when we don't see quite so much of each other. I think marriage is rather a mistake, don't you?"

She was silent for a moment: then gathered courage to answer.

"Sometimes I think life is rather a mistake; but perhaps that is because I want so many things."

"What more do you want than what you have already?"

"I don't know," she said with a puzzled look.

"That's just it—you don't know."

"Sometimes I feel as if I were not even inside the world, but only on the edge of it," she answered forgetting for the moment that she was talking to Mr. Belcher, "and not inside life but only in a dream of it."

"Been reading novels?" he asked, with a little sneer.

"No," she answered, and put out her hand and touched his for a moment. "Don't laugh at me, Edward, and let me tell you things, being married makes me feel that I belong to you. I do so want you to—to—"

"All in good time," he said, and, giving her finger a not unfriendly shake, took up his paper. She sat and looked out of window for an hour or two, and wondered what the house in Montague Place would be like. After all, she could not help the instincts of her sex, and she was almost elated, for was she not going to live in London a married woman and be the mistress of a house? She would sit at the head of the table and order the dinner every day—at least, she supposed so; she determined that everything should be very punctual and dainty. The rooms should be very pretty, she thought, and indulged in some visions of elementary decorations.

The day was closing in when they arrived, and the house looked black in the deepening twilight. Her heart beat quickly, and she felt as if she were treading the future when she entered the doorway. Two servants were waiting in the hall, a sharp-faced old one who had been with Mr. Belcher's mother, and a young one who was evidently kept in thorough subjection under her.

"Glad to see you, Ma'am," the old one said. "I am Gibson, at your service, I'm sure; and this is Harriet," nudging the young one, "and if she has faults she'll do her best. Walk in, Sir, glad to see you back. No, cabman," she cried in a shrill voice, "we don't let any of them people come in carrying boxes. My nephew will do that, he's here on purpose," and she darted forward, thin and quick like a gnat, while Katherine entered the dining-room and looked round wonderingly.

A fire was blazing, and there was a lamp burning on the sideboard—the lamp had no shade on it and the light brought out clearly the colour of the red flock paper on the walls. The table was laid for two, with great spaces of white cloth that made it look desolate, and in the centre was a large old-fashioned cruet-stand. On the mantelpiece was a big marble clock, and behind it a looking-glass reached nearly to the ceiling. The room was ugly, with no attempt at decoration, and but few signs that it was lived in, yet it was fairly comfortable and solid-looking—a certain dignity hung about it in spite of the red flock paper. Katherine thought of the trees of Severndroog, and the scrubs, the gorse and blackberry bushes, and the garden of the White House. They had all gone out of her life for ever. Then she looked round the room in which she stood again, and felt that it might come to feel like home if only the human beings who ruled her life would have it so. She caught the reflection of her own face in the glass; there was a smile upon it, for life is a wonderful thing with its fascinations and promises and the great silence that we call the future before us: and she was young and curious.

Mr. Belcher followed her into the room and went towards a heap of letters she had not noticed on the sideboard. He opened one and began to read it.

"Oh," she exclaimed joyfully, and went quickly to his side "perhaps there are some for me."

"There are," he answered: "I am reading one from your uncle."

"Hasn't he written to me?"

"Yes, I am reading it."

She looked at him in silence; surely there was some mistake; she took up the envelope—it was directed to her. She put her hand on the other letters and picked out a second one.

"Please let me open it," she said gently.

"You may open that," he nodded. "I wanted to see what your uncle said." He looked up for a moment and saw her face. "A man has a right to open his wife's letters," he said, "but she must not open his—you understand."

"I do so like opening them myself," she pleaded.

"I may so like opening them myself, and shall if it suits

me," he laughed. "There! there's your letter; I've done with it. The old fool has been writing to Australia; a brilliant idea has occurred to him that Richard may have married and left some children. I hope he didn't; it would make a good deal of difference to us. Who's that from?" he asked, looking at the letter in her hand.

"It is from Susan."

"Susan? Oh, the old woman who couldn't manage to die even with the help of a three-months illness—I don't want to read her letters. What do you think of the house? It belonged to Taylor the stockbroker, but he couldn't afford it after the crash in American railways some years ago, so I got it pretty cheaply: rather a good stroke of business? You had better go upstairs and take off your things," he said, with the quiet masterful manner that directed her every movement. "I wrote and ordered dinner yesterday, so I suppose

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Bishop Kennion's appointment to the very desirable see of Bath and Wells is not enthusiastically received in the Church by any party. He was known well in England as a good average man, certainly nothing more. As a theologian, preacher, and scholar he had no reputation, neither has he acquired any special distinction in Adelaide. Bishop Moorhouse attained a position in Melbourne of the first importance, but Bishop Kennion in Adelaide was an ordinary Bishop and nothing more. Has he been appointed because he is a Liberal? Will he support the Liberals in their Church policy? These are questions which are being widely asked. Of course everyone knows Lord Rosebery may have had his difficulties in making a satisfactory selection.

A Church paper classifies the Bishops as follows: "There are twenty-eight sees, omitting the two Archbishops and the Bishops of Wales. With regard to see appointments, special considerations rightly prevail. Of these twenty-eight not more than eight can be said to be filled by men of the first rank conspicuous for their character, scholarship, eloquence, administrative capacity, or any other qualifications which may be thought necessary or desirable for the episcopate. Seven more may be ranked as good second-rate men, and there are remaining no less than thirteen whom no stretch of charity could raise within the second rank." This expresses what, I am afraid, is a very general opinion.

When, however, our contemporary urges that churchmen must claim a voice in the selection of their rulers and chief pastors, and that the election should be made by the Church's own synods, according to canonical order and Catholic practice, it may be thought that a heavy price will be paid for such freedom if it is ever gained.

Bishop Kennion is reported to have made an odd proposal to the Methodists in New Zealand—namely, that they should present one of their own ministers for consecration in each diocese, who might occupy the position of assistant bishop, and have jurisdiction over only his own people.

The death of Canon Hoare, of Tunbridge Wells, will be much regretted by Evangelicals, although at his advanced period of life it is not likely that he could have accomplished much more work. It may be remembered that when there was a strong prejudice against the Church Congress among Evangelicals, Canon Hoare took the other side. His vigorous, manly, direct and yet courteous manner of speech made him a great favourite at the Congresses in which he took part.

Churchmen, or at least clergymen, seem disposed to support the Gothenburg, or rather the Bergen system of licensing. The whole question turns upon whether publicans are to be compensated or not. If they are to be compensated, it is tolerably obvious that the expense will be so enormous as to make any change most unlikely.

Canon Carter, of Clewer, who was looked up to with such veneration by Canon

Liddon, seems disposed to go a little further in admitting the claims of the New Criticism than his late friend. In a letter published last week, he is disposed to admit the need of rectifying to some extent the traditionary view of the Mosaic records, and he is prepared for modification as to certain points of Scriptural interpretation. These inquiries, he says, will almost necessarily involve a considerable amount of unsettlement.

Lord Rosebery has at last, it appears, made a definite promise to the Welsh Liberals that Disestablishment will be the first business of the new Session. But as it is likely to be discussed *pari passu* with another Irish Bill, it may be questioned whether the undertaking will be thought satisfactory. Such a Bill will stir feeling both for and against much more deeply than almost any other legislation, and will lead to a most protracted debate. Besides, it remains to be seen how far Parliament will be able to make progress with business already in hand before rising.

The Canterbury Diocesan Conference on July 13 passed resolutions against the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales, in favour of maintaining Church schools, and enjoining Sunday attendance at public worship, without any uniform rule for other Sunday observance. V.



She put her arms round a tree-trunk and drew up closer to it, and told herself with strange unbelief, as though she doubted if it could be true—that she was married to Mr. Belcher, and had to spend all the years of her life with him.

it is nearly ready. Harriet will show you the way," and he rang the bell.

Then Harriet appeared with a flat candlestick and conducted Katherine up the desolate stone staircase.

(To be continued.)

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

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THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE EISTEDDFOD.

The success of the Eisteddfod this year at Carnarvon was seriously threatened by what gave it a peculiar interest to the community at large. The anticipation of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales distracted the attention of the crowds that thronged the town from what was going on in the pavilion where the Eisteddfod was held; and after the royal visit was over a reaction set in, which was, however, checked by the brilliant display of fireworks, the like of which has seldom been witnessed in that part of the country. So that on the following day the financial success of the festival was assured by the large attendance within the pavilion when the contest of the choirs took place. The expense the committee had been put to in decorating the town and making it otherwise worthy of the long-delayed visit of the Prince had put a severe strain on the resources at the command of the managers of the national festival. And it was only the large and almost unexpected attendance on the day following the royal visit which turned the scale. Something like six hundred pounds was taken at the doors that day, and the faces of many were brightened thereby.

To those who have not attended an Eisteddfod gathering, and seen for themselves the pride that the Welsh take in everything connected with it, the patience with which the immense audiences daily sit out the long programme, which is conscientiously done, would seem unintelligible. Eight or nine thousand people listening, without apparent weariness, throughout an entire day to persons of all ages, size, and sex competing in various ways for the different prizes, can only be explained on the supposition that the Welsh are not as the other nationalities that compose the United Kingdom. It is the musical part of the proceedings which forms the main staple of interest; but the innocent, and, to one who is not a native of the Principality, the somewhat ludicrous ceremonies solemnly perpetrated by the bards and the Druids are also regarded with affectionate interest. The self-consciousness and thorough belief in their own importance which characterise the members of the Gorsedd would of itself provoke the irreverent to smile; but it must be remembered that the Welsh believe in their bards and fully appreciate their poetry. Nor does the extraordinary manner in which some of that poetry is recited seem to them any other than right and fit. One bard in particular, who seemed to be much respected by the audience, had a way of shouting out his verses, with the strangest emphasis, at the highest pitch of his voice and with the utmost seriousness, which was very trying to a stranger accustomed to a different style of oratory. At the meetings of the Gorsedd, twelve of the principal bards and Druids, arrayed in white, blue, and green robes, stand on stones set in a circle round the Archdruid, while the crowd which formed the outer circle were dressed after the fashion of our ancient forefathers.

But there can be no doubt that it was a proud day for the Gorsedd when the Prince and Princess of Wales stepped within its sacred circle to receive the bardic degree. And the venerable Archdruid, who is well over ninety years of age, could not recall a prouder occasion for the ancient institution, which the members of it, at least, regard as august as it is venerable. It is many years now since the Queen received a similar degree, when she was as yet but Princess Victoria, and at that time the Eisteddfod was certainly not so old, nor even so much thought of within the Principality. For in those days the Eisteddfod, as the Archdruid can remember, was sometimes held within the four walls of a parlour. The bardic names conferred upon the Prince and Princess of Wales mean respectively "The Beloved" and "The Delight of Britain," and show that the Gorsedd is at least as loyal as it is poetical. Yet being, as it is, but the shadow of a name, many Welshmen of culture, who are likewise touched by the modern spirit and who are not wanting either in love to their country or belief in the good name of the national festival, would gladly see it adapt itself to the times in which we live, even if that should mean its passing away altogether. Probably, however, what gives to the Gorsedd its abnormal vitality is the personal respect which many of the members of it inspire, being lay Methodist preachers wielding great power over the people. Only the other day the ancient Archdruid himself conducted a religious service in South Wales, to the wonder and delight of the congregation.

One feature of the Eisteddfod this year not likely to be forgotten by those who witnessed it was the "crowning" of the bard in presence of the royal party, when the Princess herself put the ribbon to which the prize was attached round the neck of the successful poet. Truly, then, she was "the delight of Britain," and the enthusiasm of the immense audience knew no bounds. Indeed, the gracious and kindly interest which the Prince and Princess took in each part of the proceedings in their honour has endeared them to the heart of Wales. And the warmth of the greeting which they received in Rhyl, where the ancient castle of Rhuddlan stands, in which the title of Prince of Wales was originated and proclaimed in the time of Edward I., exceeded in intensity all that had gone before.

Eisteddfods are generally arranged for two years in advance, and the one which is to be held in Llanelli next year is now the topic of interest for Welshmen.

Mr. Williams, of Llanelli, the secretary of the Eisteddfod for 1895, was present in Carnarvon this year picking up all the information he could so as to make the next festival an even greater success than the one held this year, which is now a thing of the past. But the Eisteddfod of 1894 will always be remembered as the one in which, as a Welsh bard described them, "the Princess Alexandra and the future King of Cymry" honoured the proceedings with their presence and were admitted into the circle of the bardic brotherhood.

STATUE OF THE QUEEN FOR DEMERARA.

A colossal white marble statue of her Majesty, commissioned by the Queen's Jubilee loyal colonists of George Town, Demerara, has been finished by the sculptor, Mr. Hope-Pinker, at his studio in Avonmore Road, West Kensington. It represents the Queen as all her subjects know her, but with the permanent ideal accessories of crown, sceptre, coronation robes, and orb. The national historical traditions embodied in the Coronation Chair preserved in Westminster Abbey, from the fact that all English sovereigns, since the time of Edward I., have been crowned in this chair, make it a fitting addition to the



COLOSSAL MARBLE STATUE OF THE QUEEN FOR DEMERARA.

MR. HOPE-PINKER, SCULPTOR.

statue, with which it groups effectively. The figure of the Queen stands about ten feet high, on a smooth but unpolished grey granite pedestal, making the entire monument over twenty feet in height. It will stand in the centre of a piazza in front of the Law Courts in George Town, to which port it is now being shipped by Messrs. Scrutton and Son, in the mail steam-ship *Arcuna*. Those who saw it in London pronounce it a very noble work.

A new piece at German Reed's entertainment is always of interest to the large section of the public who have an affection for St. George's Hall and the clever little company which has for so long held an honourable place among our amusers. Under the title "Missing," Mr. Somerville Gibney has written and Mr. King Hall has set to music a very laughable vaudeville, giving ample scope for the humorous impersonation by Mr. Alfred German Reed of a British workman, the vivacious rôle of a lady doctor being brightly played by Miss Fanny Holland. Miss G. Chandler sings and acts with success, and so does Mr. Avalon Collard. The piece was favourably received.

One of the most interesting exhibits in the British Section of the Antwerp Exhibition is that of Messrs. Milward's celebrated calyx-eyed, or self-threading needles, which are now so largely superseding the old-fashioned kinds. Needles of various sizes for every conceivable description of work, as well as all kinds of fish-hooks and fishing tackle, make an extremely attractive show of Messrs. Milward's handiwork.

"BOOMS."

BY ANDREW LANG.

These are fine days for young literary gentlemen, as Mr. Grant Allen says, in an article on a recent work. In our time, when Mr. Grant Allen and I were young, nobody boomed us; in the case of the present writer, because, in fact, there was not anything to "boom." If a person of letters, endowed with abundant leisure and other pleasant *choregia*, does not publish anything at all, being urged neither "by hunger nor request of friends," it is beyond the force even of a clique or a claue to fill the speaking trumpet of Renown with his name. Mr. Allen declares that, in the case of us seniors, "Hope deferred made their hearts sick with the grey sickness of pessimism." Mr. Hardy, it seems, is, or has been, unwell with "a sombre and ironical pessimism," while my own malady is "a playful pessimism." The patient knows little of his own case, but I did fancy that I had been shouting *Sursum corda!* and imploring the public to make the best of that rather mixed affair—life. At all events, I may swear, and save my oath, that I never suffered from literary hope deferred, or wept over my unrecognised genius, or was discontented with the occasional grin which I might be happy enough to provoke from the good-natured. Mr. Allen may inscribe on my sepulchre (I bequeath to him that tender office), "Here lies a literary gent who was more than satisfied with his literary luck, and who never bothered about 'recognition.'" But with men of genius, who not only produce masterpieces, but know it, matters may well be totally different.

Mr. Allen argues, perhaps rightly, that men born in the forties and fifties were under the shade of Titans like Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Thackeray, Dickens, and others. So we were, and knew it, speaking, in our simple way, of these gentlemen as "the swells." It never occurred to us to rival them: we knew our place. But now, verily, Titans are sadly to seek, the worse is the luck. However, there is room for *les jeunes*—there are no aged trees to overshadow them. This is, in one way, good fortune. Moreover, the young are very generous in recognising each other and applauding each other, whence come the Boom and the Boomster. But the Boomster's, by the shade of Vincent Crummies, are no new arts. Sheridan knew all about "the puff preliminary"; while Lockhart, in a letter to Wilson, demands a highly coloured review, and announces that he will write it himself if nobody else will. "Vanity Fair" was boomed (and most justly) in one of the Quarterlies before it was finished. These are ancient devices.

The worst of a fair field and plenty of favour is that a fortunate young man (I have no particular example in my eye) may be led to think over-highly of himself. With your intimate friends or your unknown admirers shouting plaudits in a dozen papers, it is easy "to get a heaze," as Scott said of himself, and to be "carried off your feet." Now, a great deal of trumpeting and drumming has been done in these latter days, when we "wake up each morning and find a new poet famous." But the drum does not always draw the pence when the hat goes round. The new poet's publisher's accounts rather tend to make him "sick with the grey sickness of pessimism." Into a second edition (of a thousand) he is triumphantly borne, among huzzas, but there he sticks fast. This is really almost worse than not being boomed at all. For the novelist, it is different. If very successful, of course he must expect to be called all the ill names that envy can discover; but, on the whole, the public dearly loves a good new story, and welcomes it lavishly. At present, thanks to our good fortune, we have dozens of good story-tellers for all tastes. Romance or religion, obscure physical maladies or noisy fevers of the mind, may be our chief interests; and, lo! there are novelists ready to deal with all of them. We have all sorts, except in broad humour; of that kind we have only "Vice Versa." All this I gratefully acknowledge, and wish that at least half-a-dozen gentlemen could give us a new novel every month, or, indeed, every week. They do their best to fulfil my vows, and persons with tastes more akin to that of Mr. Moddle have also every reason to congratulate themselves. But if one is asked whether any of those delightful romancers (except—here everyone can fill up his own list) are likely to endure with Fielding, Sterne, Dumas, Scott, Miss Austen, and Thackeray, he is likely to shake his head. We have not a Dumas "in our midst" (with the exception obscurely indicated). There are many playful fauns, tuneful swains, satyrs, Nereids, but there are no Titans around and about us. Among essayists I do not see the Hazlitt, not to speak of the Steele or Addison. Among historians I fail to observe the gigantic Gibbon or the pleasing Prescott. Among poets—but we all know, in the depths of our hearts, how we really stand in the matter of poetry. "The hour has come," it is always the hour, but, as the Kelpie said, "not the man." Do not let "booms" make us insensible of facts. There is a nation which, perhaps, protests rather too much about its own belief in its own poets: let us not be a generation cast in that mould. "There are degrees," as the judge said, when Dumas remarked that, were he not in the city of Corneille he would call himself a dramatic poet. It is essential for all of us, and perhaps for the greatly boomed above all, to remember that "there are degrees."

A DRAMA OF THE DOG DAYS.

IN FIVE ACTS.



ACT I. - He sat on the fence in the noonday glare, and watched for the pence of a passing fare.

He sat on the fence
In the noonday glare,
And watched for the pence
Of a passing fare;
While the goat reclined
On the dusty road,
With little mind
For a plaguery load.

Then a nurse came by
And engaged the shay;
And her charge sat high
In a lordly way.
He whacked his steed
With his wooden spade—
But a cur took heed
Of the cavalcade.

It sprang with a yelp
On the travellers' track.
And the nurse cried "Help!"
While the goat jerked back.
The boy in his fright
Let go the rein,
While the poor little mite
In the shay howled "Jane!"

Then the goat, half daft,
Dashed off with a start.
Having wrenched the shaft,
From the jaunty cart,
Which reeled and crashed
On the nurse in rear:
And the boy was squashed
As the steed got clear.

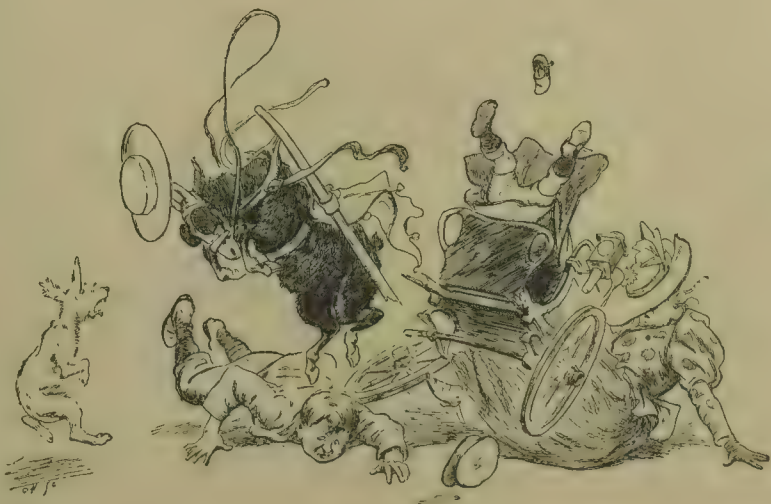
The cur turned tail.
For the joke was done;
And he heard a wail
In the laughing sun.
A cur—that's all:
Yet it cleared the deck.
Let the curtain fall
On the total wreck.—B.



ACT II.—Then a nurse came by and engaged the shay.



ACT III.—A cur sprang with a yelp on the travellers' track.



ACT IV.—The boy was squashed as the steed got clear.



ACT V.—The cur turned tail, for the joke was done.



THE QUEEN AT ALDERSHOT: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT LEADING THE MARCH PAST WITH THE HEADQUARTERS' STAFF.

LITERATURE.

THE BADMINTON "YACHTING."

Yachting. The Badminton Library. (Longmans, Green, and Co.)—Excellent as are many of the features of the two volumes which constitute the latest addition to the "Badminton Library," they can scarce fail to disappoint many who have awaited them with much expectation. It was the promise of the Duke of Beaufort in the preface to the first book—a preface which is found in each succeeding volume—that the "Badminton" should serve as a modern encyclopædia to which the inexperienced man who seeks guidance in the practice of the various British sports and pastimes could turn for information. In the latest work, at any rate, the promise is entirely unfulfilled. A more technical book has rarely been included in a sporting series. The most perplexing nautical terms are used with a disregard to the ignorance of the man in the street which is lamentable. Everywhere there is the assumption of knowledge, which is only a safe assumption when one expert is writing for another expert. I find no attempt whatever to make this a guide to the sport of kings. Those chapters which bear the aspect of aim at being elementary concern themselves chiefly with such homely subjects as the quantities of sardines and marmalade it is necessary to take for an ocean cruise, and the quality of undyed wool which a yachtsman should use in his attire. This deficiency is the more lamentable when we remember the extraordinary renaissance of the sport as seen recently in the multiplication of the "small-rater" and the fleets of tiny craft which now possess the waters of the Solent and the greater harbours of the coast during the summer months. For all practical purposes yachting has been democratised. The great cutters are owned by the few rich men. They serve the purpose of a brilliant centrepiece around which many tiny glasses are set. Drawn to inquiry by the record of their performances, the man whose purse is not weighty learns that he, too, in a humbler way, can make the pleasures of the sea his own, not in a boat which costs a couple of thousand pounds, but in one which costs fifty. With a "one-rater," or even a "half-rater," he can sail the Solent or explore the safe bays of the west coast of Scotland, and spend a summer whose delights are traditional. He can even experience the more engrossing excitement of racing, and pick up many "pots" if luck favour him. Unhappily, the new Badminton helps such a man in the feeblest way—nor does it, like so many of its predecessors, prove very entertaining reading to the arm-chair sportsman whose performance is chiefly one of words. It is essentially a manual for the rich yachtsman, for the expert, and the clubman, and in this aspect it is a very beautiful book, abounding in admirable illustrations by Mr. R. T. Pritchett, and in capital photographs of all the better-known yachts. A more light-hearted piece of writing than Sir Edward Sullivan's introduction I have not often read; and Lord Brassey's chapter on "Ocean Cruising" is good work, which runs well with Mr. G. L. Watson's account of the evolution of the modern racing yacht. Other chapters on "Yachting in the Norfolk Broads," "Baltic Cruising," and "Some Famous Races" are of the popular order; and there is an extensive account of the leading yacht clubs, and their history. At the same time, it is not quite obvious why so much space is devoted to the records of last year, since the Badminton books are not annuals but manuals. The chapter is to be excused only on the plea that the German Emperor made his debut as a practical yachtsman in 1893, and that the Prince of Wales then built a new cutter and scored many triumphs with her. I should mention that the picture of the *Britannia* is excellent, and that the two volumes gain much ornament from a reproduction in colours (very finely done) of the yacht club burgees and flags.

MAX PEMBERTON.

FISH AND FISHING.

The latest number of the "Book-lover's Library," edited by Mr. H. B. Wheatley, F.S.A., and published by Eliot Stock, is *Walton and Some Earlier Writers on Fish and Fishing*. The author is Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, and of the Lea and Dove edition of the "Compleat Angler." His father, head of the publishing firm of Sampson Low, Marston and Co., in which he also is partner, has written a series of charming little books, as "The Amateur Angler," and to him, in that character, this production is dedicated "in remembrance of delightful fishing days with him, extending over more than thirty years." Fishing, among other field sports, claimed the services of the printing-press very soon after it began to creak, but the earliest known English reference to angling is found at Cambridge in a Trinity College manuscript, entitled "Piers Fulham," written probably about the year 1420. There were not many angling writers before Walton achieved immortal fame with his quaint and evergreen idyll, and after him there was a considerable interregnum, for which, however, the first half of the present century amply atoned. References there were in the "Adventures of Sir William Wallace" (1460) to a day's fishing with which the Scotch hero amused himself in the time of his adversity; but the story was told by a wandering bard who lived a century and a half later. The first distinct book on the subject was the famous "Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle," attributed to Dame Juliana Barnes or Barnes. It was published by Wynkyn de Worde in 1486, scarcely ten years after Caxton had issued the first printed book in Westminster. There are heretics even about the authorship of this old tract, and a modern editor has insisted that there is not a shadow of evidence that the lady wrote it. The treatise as it stands (an acknowledged compilation, be it remembered) is wonderfully learned in fly-fishing, rods, tackle, and baits, and the "instructions" have been freely borrowed by generations of writers upon the sport of angling. As Mr. Marston wisely says, it is full of the true spirit of sport. Leonard Mascall's book (1590) is a practical little essay upon fishing with hook and line and upon fish culture and preservation, and much of the material is borrowed from a French writer.

The rhymed "Secrets of Angling," by "J. D." (1613), was rescued from undeserved oblivion in our times by the late Mr. Satchell, in the series of reprints published by him in conjunction with Mr. Westwood, but it is little known even now. Two centuries elapsed before it was discovered that the author was John Denny, a Gloucestershire country gentleman. The editors of "Bibliotheca Piscatoria," who were no mean authorities upon the matter, decided that Gervase Markham's "Art of Angling" (1614) was little more than John Denny's done into prose; but Mr. Marston suggests reasons for believing that the book was a compilation by Markham or by his collaborator in "A Way to Get Wealth," William Lawson. The knowledge of the author, whoever he might have been, was first hand as regards artificial flies and the use of them. Thomas Barker (1651) on the titlepage of his small 12mo, is represented as "an ancient practitioner." His "Art of Angling" was produced as "Barker's Delight," in the second edition, and he must have been a most expert trout-fisher. Walton, indeed, quoted his directions, with little alteration and with due acknowledgment, in one of the speeches to his Honest Scholar. To this day there are anglers who inherit the mistake of supposing that there were no winches used in Walton's days, but Barker devotes the best part of a page to explaining the use of what he calls a winder on the butt of the rod. He knew a good deal, moreover, about fly-fishing for salmon, and is precise in his division of hackled and winged flies. All these matters are ably and sympathetically treated by Mr. Marston in this latest addition to the "Book-lover's Library," and it is characterised by the handsome antique style and tasteful binding of the set. There are more sumptuous forms in hand-made paper, the Roxburghe bound large-paper edition, however, being limited to fifty numbered copies for the English market. The later chapters concern Walton, his contemporaries, and the history of his book to the present time, including a narrative of the tercentenary celebrations last year in England and America; and this is a subject of which the author has long been an authority.

RED SPINNER.

TWO BOOKS BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

Cuckoo Songs. By Katharine Tynan Hinkson. (Methuen and Lane). *A Cluster of Nuts.* By Katharine Tynan Hinkson. (Lawrence and Bullen).—Mrs. Hinkson's writings are not the least valuable and significant tokens of that fresh creative spirit now at work in Irish literature. Both in verse and prose, the Irish writers of greatest repute in this century, while often urged by a magnificent passion and energy of desire to write from their hearts, have yet been apt to remain satisfied with unfinished and imperfect work. The lyrical cries and trumpet-calls of poet patriots, and the first achievements in Irish fiction, are finer in their vehement inspiration than many a soulless piece of modern polished prettiness. But that is not, what some Irish critics think it, a justification of carelessly splendid, or rudely powerful work; and it will do no harm to Irish literature if it return somewhat to the spirit of those far-off days when Celtic poetry was the most intricate, artful, and elaborate, the most technically subtle and refined, that the world has ever known. Mrs. Hinkson's "Cuckoo Songs," her fourth volume of verse, is enchantingly simple, innocent, and light, a book of aerial music in delicate cadences; love lyrics, love laments, bird songs, legends gentle and tragic, poems of Catholic devotion, verse wistful and verse joyous. Except the "Miracle Play," which is a beautiful essay in an ancient form and style, nothing in the book is in any way "learned" or artificial. It is all fresh and free, a carolling and a keening, a voice breaking into song at the touch of joy or grief. But let any young Irish novice in poetry, some votary of rhyme, untrained in taste, undisciplined by study, compare one of these songs, which seem so easy and so airy, an artless lilt, with the average "good" Irish poem of to-day, anything of a reasonable merit. There may be in both an equal impulse and passionate prompting; but the one is carefully wrought, without ceasing to be natural; the other loses half its charm of nature by a jarring clumsiness, a roughness of sound, the use of pseudo-poetical words, a general inattention to form and style. It is not a "native woodnote wild," delightfully unlaboured; it is a work of art, insufficiently artistic. In poetry, the mortal sins are two: to have a thing to say, and to say it badly; to have nothing worth saying, and to say it well. In other words, to leave fine gold unpurified, and to polish dross. Mrs. Hinkson's four volumes of verse show a resolute determination to spare no pains; the reader can trace in them the progress of an artist, who is satisfied with nothing slovenly, and knows that the way to perfection "lies through a series of disgusts."

"A Cluster of Nuts," Mrs. Hinkson's collection of prose stories and sketches, is marked rather by a wonderful tenderness of sympathy, by "the sense of tears in mortal things," than by any decided mastery in prose style. It is well and delicately written, but without the positive distinction of her poems; its half-smiling melancholy relates peasant tragedies and quaint pathetic things and dreamy memories in a language always appropriate, but with scarce enough of directness and compression. Some of the chapters, notably "Shameen," are beautifully perfect; in others we miss the critical instinct, which would undoubtedly have told the writer to reject this or that superfluous stanza had she written them in verse. A poet often comes to his prime in verse long before he can quite master the difficult art of prose. But here, in these very Irish scenes of sorrow, not overwrought in spirit nor ostentatiously heartbreaking, there is beauty in plenty. They are, indeed, "kindly Irish of the Irish": the writer has loved to set forth a certain Irish grace of mind and hearts burning with a softer and milder fire than makes dreadful, to take one instance, the stories of Carleton. Almost everyone in this book is more or less sorrowful, more or less humorous, and more or less unworldly. And the writer sometimes shows us glimpses of an Irish home-life among richer surroundings than English readers are wont to associate with Ireland. These are two very kindly and most moving books, full of an appealing charm, and of a passion not the less deep for being told with grace.

LIONEL JOHNSON.

SOCIAL EVOLUTION.

Social Evolution. By Benjamin Kidd. (Macmillan and Co.)—It is refreshing, in these days of reprints of fugitive essays, to meet with a book which is the outcome of sustained and patient thought; and in which a well-equipped mind offers a solution of social problems presented in a lucid style. To that rare "order" of literature this volume belongs.

Mr. Kidd starts with an indictment against modern science as affording no guidance to the direction in which the path of future progress lies. His remarks on the detachment of the "dismal science" from the affections by the older school of political economists, and on its connection with ethics, "and even religion," in the writings of Professor Marshall and other exponents (Ruskin's "Unto this Last" should have had reference here), are admirable; but we think that he allows his disagreements with Mr. Herbert Spencer and his school to eclipse the efforts which biologists, from Darwin onwards, have made to apply their data to social questions. It should be remembered that many causes have operated against the extension of the youngest of the sciences to man in his *tout ensemble*, and that every science has to pass through tentative stages. But Mr. Kidd's criticisms demand recognition, because he is no opponent of evolution. He is a thorough-going disciple of the doctrine of natural selection to the extent of belief in Dr. Weismann. As our readers probably know, Dr. Weismann denies the long-unchallenged theory that characters acquired by the parent during his or her lifetime are transmitted to the offspring; and he thus obviously accentuates the action of natural selection. Progress involves selection; selection involves competition; and the struggle for existence which began with life itself knows no truce, but rather increases in acuteness.

With man, as Mr. Kidd seeks to show, "the stage enlarges," since he is born into the world with two new forces destined eventually to revolutionise it—namely, "his reason and his capacity for acting in concert with his fellows in organised societies." Alone, he fights for his own hand, regardless of others, unmoved by pity in the presence of weakness; but, as one of a clan, a limitation is imposed on him—it is no longer each against all. He has to limit his freedom of action where it interferes with the freedom of others: not only has his welfare to be subordinated to that of the tribe, but he has to sink self, and work or fight for the common weal. Here interests clash: reason tells him that they are "inherently irreconcilable"; in other words, the progress of society, as opposed to that of the individual, has no rational sanction.

Therefore, to seek for a rational basis for individual subordination to society is to pursue what "can never exist." That basis must be "ultra-rational," and religion alone supplies it. Social progress, argues Mr. Kidd, is not, never has been, and never can be due to intellectual capacity or development. "The evolution which is slowly proceeding in human society is not primarily intellectual but religious in character." As man at no stage of his development is without religion, an "ultra-rational" sanction for social conduct has never been lacking, and this sanction is enforced by "the fear of consequences from an agent which is always supernatural." It does not mitigate the struggle for existence, the rivalry of life, but it secures conditions, to quote an oft-recurring phrase in the book, "of equal social opportunities." Not equality of state, but equality of chance: abolition of privilege. For Mr. Kidd sees no salvation in Socialism, which aims at a suspension of rivalries and a federation of races within which the competitive forces are to be suspended. So far as State action is concerned, he argues that this tends towards interference only in favour of free competition.

In supporting his theory that the winning races have been those in which, other things being equal, the ultra-rational sanction has prevailed, Mr. Kidd cites many cases from past history and present tendencies; from the decay of Greek civilisation to the vegetarian and other crazes of to-day. Upon these space forbids us to dwell, although we should join issue with him upon many examples cited, and refer to the collective conscience enlightened by knowledge that which he ascribes to the operation of "ultra-rational sanction." Recognising religion as an animistic growth, Mr. Kidd holds no brief for any special form of faith, but carefully dissociates all from theology. But unless man's primitive equipment of "social capacity" includes this supernaturally enforced sanction, we fail to see where and how it comes in; and if the equipment does include it, we fail to recognise a "new force." For man is not the only gregarious animal, and all animals, in the degree that they are social, are advanced in the life-scale. And this herding tendency of our immediate progenitors, being a result of their physical condition and environment, evolved a common unity with the necessity of mutual regardfulness which common needs evoked, and that growth of the "tribal conscience" which it seems to us Mr. Kidd obscures by re-naming it the "ultra-rational sanction." The "social capacity" is thus primarily emotional, and that which is primary tends to remain both dominant and persistent. But throughout man's history, feeling has needed the corrective of reason; the emotions, undisciplined, have led him into grievous errors, fostered harmful illusions, caused his religious wars, ever the most sanguinary that he has waged, and burned his Brunos at the stake. So that, in denying that progress is in any degree due to the intellectual forces which have enlarged man's vista, humanised him by intercourse with his fellows, and revealed to him the wonder and mystery of the cosmos, thereby giving play to feelings cramped by ignorance and prejudice, Mr. Kidd is perilously near securing his book a place in the "Budget of Paradoxes." Our graver quarrel with him is that his theory sets up duality where all makes for unity. The Ahimsa of reason and the Ormuzd of feeling are presented as in unending conflict. Surely a theory which would sunder the fundamental unity of man thereby destroys not that, but refutes itself. The emotions and the intellect are complementary, not antagonistic; and as in the material world the several modes of motion are but the varied manifestations of an unknown unit of Power, so these mental operations are not twain, but one. However, if Mr. Kidd has not made any new discovery, he has achieved the distinction of having written a thought-compelling book. EDWARD CLODD.

The Childhood of Royalty:

SOME INFANT PRINCES AND PRINCESSES.



*Three children of Charles I.:
King Charles II., born 1630; Princess Mary, born 1632; Princess Elizabeth, born 1635, died 1650.*



*Queen Charlotte and George, Prince of Wales, born 1762, afterwards
King George IV.*



*Prince Frederick William Victor Albert of Prussia, born Jan. 27, 1859, son of German
Emperor Frederick and the Empress Frederick, Princess Royal of Great Britain.*

THE CHILDHOOD OF ROYALTY: SOME INFANT PRINCES AND PRINCESSES.



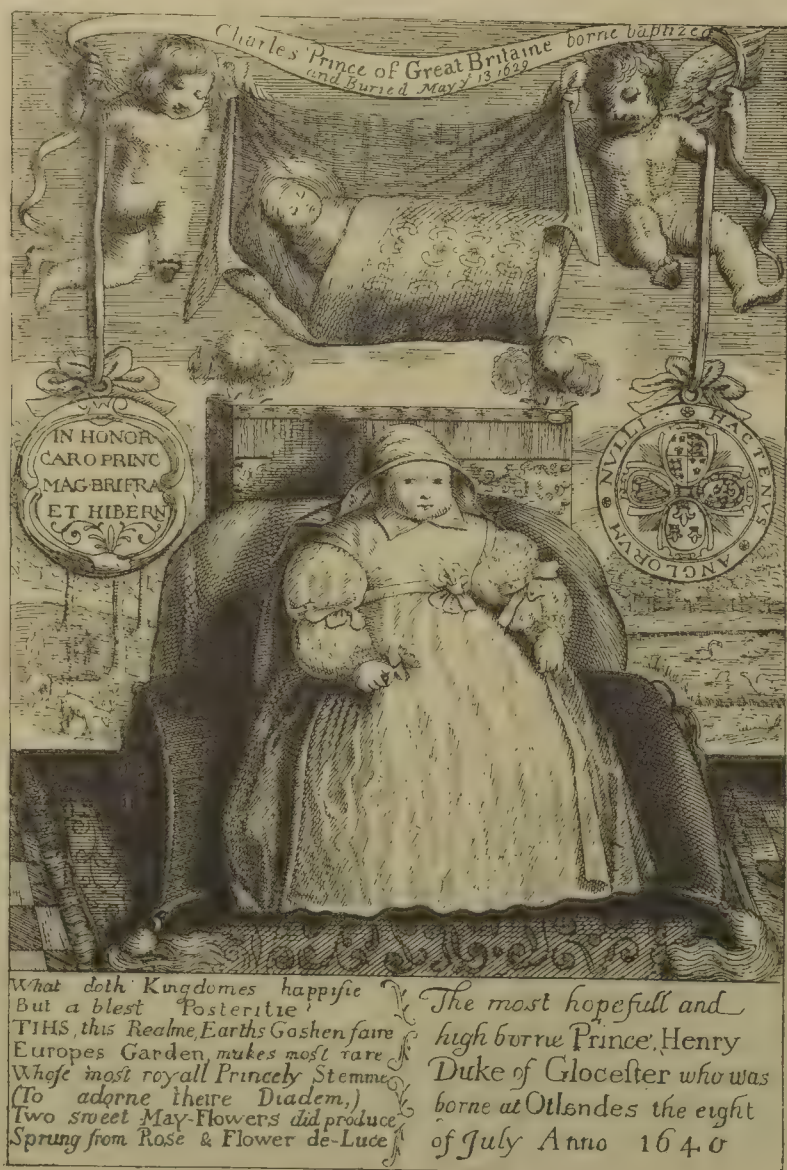
Arthur, Prince of Wales, born 1486; died 1502.

Princess Margaret, born 1489; married King James IV. of Scotland; died 1533.

King Henry VIII., born 1491; reigned 1509 to 1547.



King Edward VI., born 1537; died 1553.



Youngest son of King Charles I., died 1661.



DRAWN BY OUR ARTIST, MR. A. FORESTIER, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION,

THE CHILDHOOD OF ROYALTY: SOME INFANT PRINCES AND PRINCESSES.



James Stuart, born 1688, son of King James II. and Queen Mary (of Modena).



George William Second Son to his Royall Highness George Prince of Wales.
Born at the Palace of St. James's November 21st 1762.
Uncle to King George III.



Royal Princesses, children of King George III.



Queen Caroline, wife of George IV., died 1821; and Princess Charlotte, died 1817.

THE CHILDHOOD OF ROYALTY: SOME INFANT PRINCES AND PRINCESSES.



Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert, Duke of Connaught, born May 1, 1850.



Victoria, Princess Royal, born Nov. 21, 1840; married Crown Prince of Prussia, afterwards the German Emperor Frederick, King of Prussia.

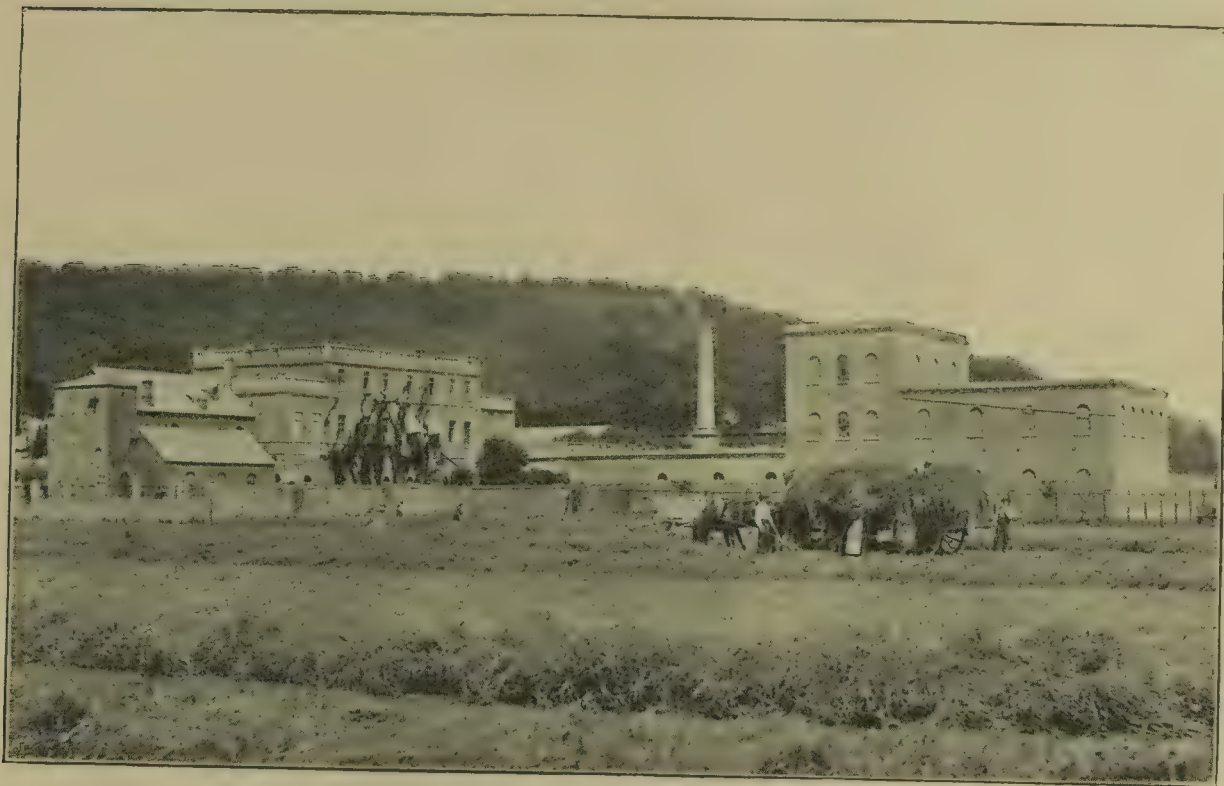


The Prince of Wales and his sister, the Princess Royal fifty years ago.



The Prince of Wales, born Nov. 9, 1841.

THE SOURCE OF JOHANNIS WATER.



THE JOHANNIS COMPANY'S ESTABLISHMENT AT ZOLLHAUS, IN NASSAU.

The pleasant and salubrious natural mineral water supplied by the Johannis Company for drinking at table has won high favour and general approval; but some of our readers will like a description of the place in Germany from which it is procured, recently made more accessible to travellers by the opening, on May 1, of a railway, fifteen miles long, between Diez, on the Lahn, and Langenschwalbach, a well-known bath resort in Nassau, up the Aar valley, by which Zollhaus, where the celebrated Johannis Spring is situated, may be conveniently reached. The beautiful little river Lahn winds its way to the Rhine, among hills clad from base to summit in waving foliage; the ruined castle of Lahneck standing at its confluence with the great river. The train speeds up the Lahn valley, passing through Ems, to the quaint old town of Diez. From the wooded hill called the Hein a magnificent panoramic view of the Lahn valley, with the castles of Schaumburg and Nassau especially prominent, is obtained on the one hand; on the other an almost flat tract of country stretches away to Giessen on the horizon, with the ancient Cathedral of Limburg in the distance. The old residence of William of Orange, Oranienstein, lies close below. Leaving the main line of railway at Diez, the branch line soon conducts its passengers to Zollhaus, which lies in the valley of the Aar, about six miles from the Lahn, at a considerable height above the sea-level. The wooded slopes and rich pasture give it much picturesqueness of aspect. About a quarter of a mile from the station, away from any kind of



UNLOADING A VAN OF BOTTLES.



THE JOHANNIS WATER SPRING.

dwelling, at the foot of the hill, is the famous spring, secure in its situation from all drainage contamination. Covered by a dome-shaped erection, with ample ventilation, here is a stone-walled well; and this, in ceaseless ebullition day and night, is the source of both gas and of the water, which, when bottled, we recognise as "Johannis." The yield is about 35,000 gallons a day. The well, with its concrete walls, has been sunk to the rock, and thus preserves the spring from any admixture of surface water, while through the rock, better to regulate the supply, deep holes have been bored. From this well are laid the pipes along which the water is pumped to the works, three or four hundred yards distant. Filling the bottles is not the simple matter that may be supposed; it is, indeed, a scientific operation. The water, as it comes from the spring, is not always uniformly charged with gas. In wet weather, for instance, it differs considerably from its condition after a drought, and so it becomes necessary to correct the variation and charge the water with that strength of gas which exists in it before it rises to the surface of the spring. This is done by separating the gas from the water as it enters the works; a process effected by suction. The gas escapes, is pumped off, compressed, and stored in gasometers. The water meanwhile is collected in tanks, from which it passes into cylinders, where the gas is returned to it in fixed quantity, and the water is then ready for bottling. In the bottling dépôt some sixty clean and comely German maidens are busy, washing, filling, corking, wiring and

labelling the bottles. One department is devoted to a special process of singular interest. The carbonic acid gas yielded by the Johannis Spring is considerably in excess of that ever required for the mere aëration of the water, in spite of the enormous quantity bottled every day. So prodigious, in fact, is the quantity of gas evolved from the spring that a considerable proportion of it is pumped under pressure into steel cylinders or tubes. By this the tubes are made to contain liquid carbonic acid equal to many hundreds of gallons of gas, which is sold to the proprietors of springs less favoured by Nature as regards the yield of gas. When the liquid gas is allowed to escape from the tubes it evaporates so rapidly as to solidify almost immediately into a pure snow-white solid. It is well known that solid carbonic acid can be used for the production of very low temperature. It freezes water readily, and in contact with ether renders liquid mercury as hard as lead. This wholesale storage of pure carbonic acid gas, in the form of liquid for purposes of export, derived directly from the inmost recesses of Nature's storehouse, is an industry worthy of notice.

The visitor who stays a night at the Johannis Spring may be surprised to find the whole premises lighted by the electric light. A fresh relay of workpeople commence work during the afternoon, finishing shortly before midnight; by the aid of several powerful arc lamps, huge railway trucks are brought into the loading yard, and one after another filled, some with cases of Johannis for export via the Rhine to London, New York, and many other ports and cities all over the world; other bottles, not in cases, to be sent to nearer customers.

THE NEW SCOTTISH WEST HIGHLAND RAILWAY.

The opening of this line, which has cost about a million sterling, now gives tourists a most inviting route from the Clyde to the Caledonian Canal. It is over a hundred miles in length, and traverses four counties, Dumbarton, Perth, Argyll, and Inverness-shire. The new railway, connecting

Callander and Oban Railway, but a mile from it. The route, after leaving Tyndrum, is through a bleak valley hemmed in by high mountains, spanning the Glens of Auchtertyre and Auch, by viaducts of ten and six spans. It winds in a general north-west direction to the Bridge of Orchy, on

the borders of the famous Black Mount deer-forest, and gets deeper into the Highland fastnesses as it passes into Glen Tulla, where Ben Achallader and Ben Doe dominate the scene. The Moor of Rannoch is reached at Loch-a-Baw, a small sheet of water on which are several islands. After crossing the Gauer, and passing Loch Lydoch, the route is between the deer forests of Benavrich and Curroul. At Luibruairidh, the highest altitude, 1350 ft. above sea-level, is reached. The scene is one of the wildest desolation. From Rannoch Moor, the railway descends rapidly to Loch Treig, a quiet, deep sheet of water, six miles long. It follows the river

Treig for two miles; after that river has joined the Spean, above Inverlair, the line crosses their combined waters by a bridge of three spans, each about 300 ft. in length. An excellent view is obtained of the parallel roads in the neighbourhood of Roy Bridge. For the last ten miles the railway runs almost parallel with the Kingussie coach-road. There is a branch line from Fort William to Banavie, for passengers using the Caledonian Canal. Between Craignend and Fort William there are fourteen stations, the



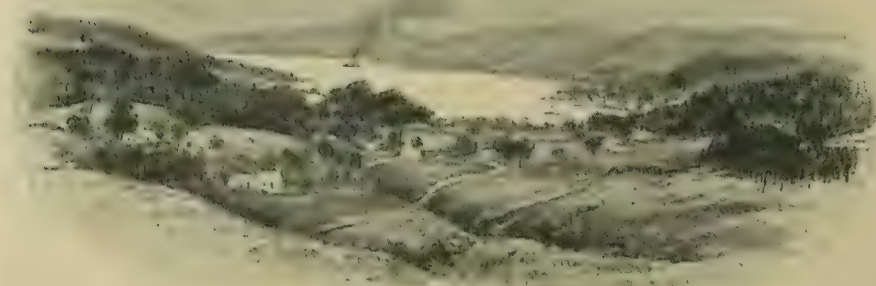
BRIDGE OVER THE SPEAN AT INVERLAIR.

and this region affords good opportunities for sportsmen. The line, for ten miles, skirts one of the largest deer-forests; the lochs are noted for trout-fishing; anglers may do well on the Treig. The Glen Dochart or Fillan district



LOCH TULLA, FROM THE RAILWAY.

with the North British system at Craignend, climbs the hill upon which Helensburgh is built. Skirting the Gareloch, it passes Shandon and Garelochhead, and rises till it reaches Whistlefield, where the river Fruin is crossed, on a viaduct 100 ft. above the stream. The line further rises to an altitude of 500 ft. above Loch Long. Near Arrochar, the romantic Pass of Glencroe is opened to view. The railway branches off in a north-easterly direction towards Tarbet, on Loch Lomond,



WHISTLEFIELD, ON THE GARELOCH.

along the shores of which it runs to Ardlui. Thence it takes its way through Glen Falloch, crossing the Dhuglas on a viaduct 500 ft. long, again 100 ft. above the stream. Beyond this the character of the scenery changes. Timber becomes scarcer, and is succeeded by grazings, moor, and hill. At Crianlarich a junction is made with the Callander and Oban Railway for interchange of traffic. Crossing the river Fillan, the line is carried three miles along the hill-face from Strath Fillan to Tyndrum, parallel to the

pretty station-houses roofed with green slate and terracotta tiles. The engineers of this railway are Messrs. Formans and M'Call, Glasgow; the contractors are Messrs. Lucas and Aird. Mr. William Arnott, who has long represented the North British Railway Company at Perth, has been appointed superintendent. There will be a service of fast trains from Glasgow during the season.

The wild scenery of the Black Mount and Rannoch Moor will be found very impressive, though not beautiful,

is haunted by romantic associations of the ancient Scottish wars; here, on the field of Dalrie, Bruce, a fugitive after the battle of Methven, was attacked by the Lord of Lorne, fought and beat three men with his own hand, but lost his mantle and his brooch, a trophy afterwards boasted loudly by the feudal chieftain of Argyle, and mentioned in verse by Sir Walter Scott. Tyndrum is important for its lead-mines, belonging to the Marquis of Breadalbane, yielding also other valuable ores.



RANNOCH MOOR.



HEAD OF LOCH LONG.



LOCH LONG, FROM THE RAILWAY.



Dowager Countess of Lichfield.

Duchess of Buccleuch

Dowager Duchess of Albany

THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF ABERCORN, ON HER EIGHTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY WITH HER 101 CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN, AND GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN.

From a Photograph by Messrs. Hills and Saunders.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I am glad to note that my expectations regarding the story I told in this column a week or two ago about cancer-houses have been fully realised. I said this was a topic which possessed a very large amount of interest for the public. Judging from the numerous letters I have received on the subject, my readers are of the same opinion. The drift of this correspondence is to the effect that in cases of cancer, the houses of patients should be thoroughly cleansed and disinfected before fresh tenants are allowed to occupy them. This, I remarked, in my former article, was at least a practical and feasible proceeding.

While one may regret that this is practically all that can be done in the way of prevention, seeing that the exact cause and conditions of cancer attack are still matters of problematical kind, it is with satisfaction I learn from a circular a correspondent has been good enough to send me, that a Walker Prize has been founded "with the object of encouraging the investigation of the Pathology and Therapeutics of Cancer." This prize, instituted by Mr. Charles Clement Walker, is to be awarded for the first period on Dec. 31, 1895, after which it will be awarded quinquennially. The first award will be a sum of £60; to be afterwards increased to £100. The prize is open to foreigners as well as to British subjects; and will be awarded under the auspices of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. The circular before me is signed by the secretary of the College.

This is so far satisfactory, although, judging from the amount of research which is at present being carried on into the nature of cancer, science happily does not require the stimulant of any reward to undertake such investigations. What one hopes for is a broad catholicity in respect of the views and researches entertained regarding cancer and its cure. The professional spirit is apt to be a little hide-bound when it comes to deal with matters like cancer and cancer-cures. It is always difficult to overcome our prepossessions, and I suppose it is the opinion of very many surgeons that there is no remedy for this terrible ailment save the knife. This opinion does not prevent physicians from now and then attempting the task of discovering a remedy other than surgical in nature. For instance, as a result of the renewed attention which is being paid to the subject under discussion, I find Dr. Peter Gowan, of London, publishing a pamphlet (a copy of which he has sent me) the history of a case of cancer he has successfully treated without operation. I regret to find that this pamphlet was refused publication (as an article) by a medical journal—why, is a matter I confess beyond my powers of explanation. Dr. Gowan relates in a calm, judicial manner his experience as a medical practitioner, and it seems to be an experience worthy publication in the organs devoted to the dissemination of professional knowledge. There is nothing to be gained by stifling discussion, and if Dr. Gowan's mode of treatment is based on any real foundation, in the name of suffering humanity, I say, let it be subjected to a fair and rigorous trial. The pamphlet, I may add, is published by Messrs. Whittingham and Co, 91, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

A contribution of much importance to the knowledge of the physiology of our foods has just been made to science by that veteran authority, Dr. Pavy. As a writer on foods and dietetics, Dr. Pavy stands *facile princeps*, and in connection with the work of the liver, and in respect of the dealings of that organ with the starches and sugars we eat, Dr. Pavy's views have always, and justly, commanded the respect of the scientific world. The views of Claude Bernard that the liver stored up starch and liberated it in the form of sugar, to be conveyed to the lungs and there burnt to give us heat, have long since been given up, in so far, at least, as the destination of the sugar is concerned. The idea has been entertained that while the liver did husband the starches of our food, it paid them out not to the lungs, but to the muscles—a reasonable enough view of things, seeing that starch is a muscle-food. Dr. Pavy inclined to the theory that the starch stored up by the liver was converted into fat; but his recent investigations derive most of their interest from the demonstration that starchy foods are a source of nitrogenous nourishment. In themselves containing no nitrogen, Dr. Pavy tells us that starchy matters, in addition to playing a part in fat-formation, contribute to the manufacture in the body of the highest form of matter we know—that is, proteid material. Starch, he says, is incorporated with nitrogen-containing compounds, and is thus raised into a chemically higher position in the living frame. Naturally, this view of things raises the value of the starchy foods considerably, so that instead of being merely energy-producing foods, they become elevated into the rank of flesh-formers, or, rather, of material which goes directly to build up the tissues and substance of the living frame.

I have been perusing with much interest the remarks of Professor D. S. Jordan on a problem in fish-life. Remarking that in many groups of fishes those from northern waters possess more vertebrae (or joints in their backbones) than those of tropical climates, he endeavours to find a reason for this difference. The number of vertebrae grows smaller as we near the Equator, and grows larger again as southern latitudes are approached. Fresh-water fishes, again, as a rule, have more vertebrae than salt-water ones belonging to the same group. Deep-sea forms exceed shallow-water forms in the number of their vertebrae; and free-swimming species have more vertebrae than shore-living ones. The fewer vertebrae, Professor Jordan says, and rightly, indicate the higher rank. The aristocrats of the fish-class have shorter bodies than the democracy; so that the tropical fish, he adds, is a better fish all round, as regards its chances of life and survival, than its neighbours. That which makes a fish more specialised, among other things, is a reduction in the number of its vertebrae, or, as it is put, "the increase of stress on each individual bone." Where competition is most severe in fish-life, we get the higher type; when it is less severe, we find the lower type and the greater number of vertebrae.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

R KELLY (of Kelly).—We will give the problem a close examination, and trust to find it correct.

REV A W S A Row (West Drayton).—Thanks for problem, which shall be examined.

E H J (Islington).—We have not space for more detailed reports.

MARTIN F (Glasgow).—Your record of solutions is certainly an admirable one, and we are glad you derive so much pleasure from our problems.

F WALLER (Luton).—Thanks for problem, but here is a second solution nearly as good as your own: 1. Q to K 7th, K moves; 2. Kt to Kt 6th, K takes Kt; 3. Q mates.

W P HIND.—White can play 1. R to K 2nd or Kt 2nd, Kt to K 2nd; 2. B to R 2nd, and mates next move. As the Bishop is only required to provide for a weak variation, why not remove it from the board, and place the B Kt at Q B sq?

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2614 received from D A Lomer (Buenos Ayres); of No. 2621 from E G Boys, Ubique, and Teuer Tarsnag (Kolozsvár); of No. 2622 from John M'Robert (Crossgar), Ubique, E G Boys, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), W E Thompson, Carl Artwedson (Hedensö), Trial, F W C, J D Tucker (Leeds), F R Barratt (Northampton), J E Gore, Maksymilian Teitelbaum (Warsaw), J Bailey (Newark), R Jones (Dover), Louise E Holmes (Deal), and F A Carter (Maldon).

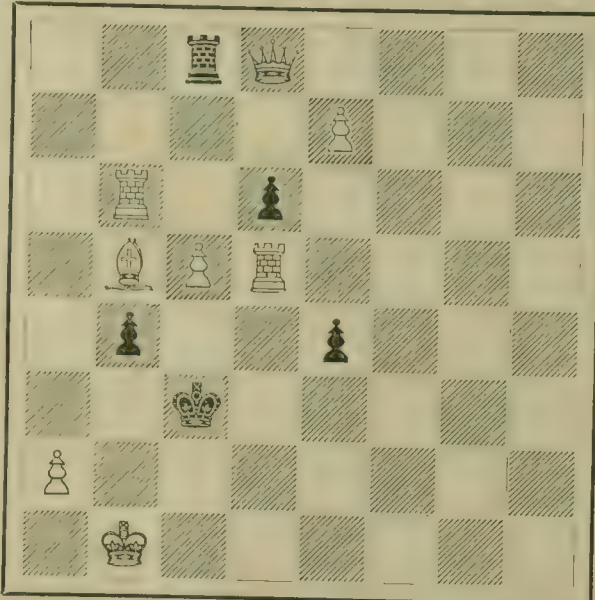
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2623 received from Edward J Sharpe, Alpha, J D Tucker (Leeds), W P Hind, E Loudon, Shadforth, J Dixon, J Ross (Whitley), Sorrento, A Newman, J W Scott (Newark), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), C D (Camberwell), C M A B, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), G Joyce, W R Baillem, Bluet, F Waller (Luton), H S Brandreth, R H Brooks, E E H, Admiral Brandreth, Dawn, H E Lee (Worthing), G T Hughes (Athy), W Wright, R Worters (Canterbury), J Coad, J F Moon, Martin F, and W H S (Peterborough).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2623.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.

WHITE.
1. B to R 5th
2. Mates accordingly

BLACK
Any move

PROBLEM No. 2625.
By P. G. L. F.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN BELFAST.

Game played between Professor PURSER, Queen's College, Belfast, and Mr. A. R. HILL.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. H.). BLACK (Mr. P.)

1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th P to Q R 3rd
4. B to R 4th P to Q 3rd
5. P to Q 3rd P to Kt 5th
6. P to B 3rd P to K Kt 3rd
7. Q Kt to Q 2nd P to Q Kt 4th
8. B to B 2nd

8. B to B 2nd was much better. The way White's Bishops got locked up is enough to lose any game.

9. Kt to B sq B to Kt 2nd
10. P to K R 3rd B takes Kt
11. Q takes B Kt to K 2nd
12. P to K Kt 4th

A dangerous move if he intended to Castle King's side. B to Kt 5th would have given him immediate relief.

13. Kt to K 3rd Castles P to Q 4th
14. P to K R 4th P to B 4th
15. B to Q 2nd P to Q 5th
16. Kt to Kt 2nd Q to Q 2nd
17. B to Q sq

White's play has been feeble in the extreme, every opportunity of improving his position being thrown away. B to

WHITE (Mr. H.). BLACK (Mr. P.)

17. Kt 5th now not only threatens a piece, but effectually defends his Kt P. for if Black takes it with either Q or Kt, a material loss results.

18. B to K 2nd Q R to Q sq
19. P takes B P P to B 5th
20. B to Q sq P takes P
21. P to Kt 5th

P to R 5th would have given him a much freer game with some substance of an attack.

22. Castles Kt to R 4th
23. Kt to K 3rd P to B 4th
24. Q takes P P takes P
25. Q to R sq R to B 5th

Black's real difficulty in the face of his opponent's play would be not to win.

25. Q to R sq Q R to B sq
26. Kt to Kt 2nd Kt to Kt 6th
27. B to R 4th Kt to K 7th (ch)
28. K to R 2nd R takes P (ch)
29. Kt takes R Q to Kt 5th
30. B to Q 7th Q takes Kt (ch)
31. B to R 3rd P to K 5th
32. Q to Kt 2nd B to K 4th (ch)
33. K to R sq R to B 6th

White resigns.

Game played in the match Liverpool v. Dublin, between Messrs. HOBSON and KAISER.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. H.). BLACK (Mr. K.).

1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th P to Q 3rd
4. P to Q 4th P takes P
5. Kt takes P B to Q 2nd
6. Castles Kt to B 3rd
7. Kt to Q B 3rd B to K 2nd
8. Kt to Q 5th Castles
9. Kt takes Q Kt P takes Kt
10. Kt takes B (ch) Q takes Kt
11. B to Q 3rd Kt to K sq

An awkward move in appearance, but opening the advance of the K B P.

12. Q to R 5th R to Kt sq
13. P to K B 4th P to Q 4th
14. P to K 5th

If P takes P, P to K Kt 3rd first enables Black to undo his Pawns.

15. Q to R 6th P to K Kt 3rd
16. P to Q Kt 3rd P to Q B 4th
17. B to K 3rd P to B 5th

Anxious to get rid of the Bishop so as to play the strong move of Kt to B 4th.

18. P takes P P takes P
19. B to K 4th B to B 4th
20. B takes B Kt takes B
21. Q to R 3rd Q to R 6th

Ingenuity is apparent on both sides here.

31. P takes B P takes B
32. P to K 7th R to K 7th

Black subsequently pointed out that this is inferior, and now, Kt to K 8th threatening mate in two, wins easily. The finish is, however, not far distant. The game is well played by both winner and loser.

33. R takes P R takes P
34. R takes Kt K to B 3rd
35. R to B 6th (ch) K to B 4th
36. R to B 5th (ch) K to K 5th
37. R to B 6th P to Q 4th
38. R to R 6th K to Q B 4th

The game lasted a few more moves, but the Black Pawn must prove victorious speedily.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

The Countess of Aberdeen, who is home resting from her Viceroyal duties in Canada for a while, has given her support to a scheme for holding in London an "Exhibition of Woman's Work." Probably this idea is being promoted by the set who have for some years made a business of providing the public with exhibitions, the name and ostensible object of the show being a secondary consideration; and in that case these experienced hands will doubtless succeed, and get up some sort of an entertainment. But I wonder that Lady Aberdeen, who was at Chicago, and therefore must have heard of the full discussions and the wise conclusions on this subject, should patronise the idea. The question of whether there should be an "Exhibition of Woman's Work" was carefully considered by the "board of lady managers" of the World's Fair, consisting of leading women from every State of the Union; and they concluded unanimously against such a section, on the ground that it could only be mischievously misleading.

Domestic work is the province in which by far the majority of women find the occupation of their brains and hands. This is certainly undervalued in the world's esteem. Housekeeping, home-making, is popularly supposed to be a trivial and simple task; but is really one affording scope for all the best qualities of the mind and needing unlimited industry and conscientiousness and devotion to duty to do it at all well. Yet so little is it thought of that the Census describes the whole of the wives and mothers of England who do not work out of doors for wages as "the unoccupied class." This will strike most of my readers as rather funny, but it shows as forcibly as anything can do how impossible it is to exhibit the most real and important of all the work that women do in the world. Moreover, as regards the work for wages of women, the bulk of it cannot be shown. Of the four million women wage-earners a million and three-quarters are in paid domestic service; two hundred thousand are teachers, fifty-five thousand are sick nurses, fifteen thousand are in the Government service, twenty thousand are engaged in teaching or performing music. The work of all these and many more of the same description cannot be exhibited. Indeed, even as regards the actual manufacturing work in which women are employed, probably nine-tenths of it is done in conjunction with men, so that both sexes have a share in producing the article, and therefore it cannot be shown in an exhibition as "woman's work." It follows that an "Exhibition of Woman's work" is a mockery, a delusion, a belittlement of her achievements in our present social state, and a misrepresentation of her actual industrial standing. These were the considerations that decided the lady managers of the Chicago World's Fair not to have a show of "woman's work." In the women's building they did display a variety of artistic and decorative work executed wholly by women, but this is a different thing from offering such a display as an exhibition of the work which women can do and are doing. Let the proposed exhibition here, therefore, be called merely an "Exhibition of Woman's Work in Art and Decoration."

Mr. Archibald Grove will deserve and certainly receive the warm thanks of a great number of women workers for his proposal in regard to the income tax of a married couple. Till the present time, though a married man had lost all control over his wife's earnings, he was still allowed the privilege of paying her income tax. This seems rather a man's grievance than a woman's, but the practical effect of the arrangement has been to put a special tax on marriage. If a brother and sister live together, their incomes or earnings remain separately taxable, and thus they obtain the full benefit of the total or partial exemption provided by law for the relief of persons of small means. But a husband and wife's joint earnings were lumped into one, and thus made to lose the benefit of the exemption. I used to hear much of this when I was a member of the London School Board, since a very considerable number of the teachers came under this injustice and complained much of its hardship. As two single persons, a man and a woman teacher would have a moderate sum only taken for income tax from each salary before payment (for so the Board arranged to do); each salary was allowed the legal deduction, and the balance which remained to be taxed was not a too severe burden. But these two got married, and at once their incomes were added together and taxed as one whole; thus they would be carried beyond the limit of deduction, and a heavy fine was practically yearly inflicted on the pair for the offence of marrying! This was the harder, since the responsibilities of two in family life are apt to become more heavy than those of two single people; and it was certainly contrary to what has always been held to be public policy. It has been often proposed to tax bachelors—in fact, this was seriously offered to the French Chamber as a desirable proposal only a year or two ago; but to penalise marriage is not held right. However, Mr. Grove only proposes to allow the earnings of a wife to be held separate for taxable purposes from her husband's income when the joint income does not exceed £500 a year. Even this concession affects a large class, and will be a great boon to many hard-working and struggling heads of young families.

Marriages are abundant at the end of the season, but few have been more interesting than the two recent theatrical matches. Miss Mary Ansell, who was seen and admired by so many people in "Walker, London," at Toole's, has married the author of the play, on his recovery from a dangerous illness. Miss Ansell off the stage is one of the prettiest of girls, and her hostesses were wont to be besieged by their men guests for an introduction to her all the time that she stopped at a party. She was devoted to her profession, for which she had prepared herself with a deliberate training and business-like care that are too often wanting in young ladies who "go on the stage." For the last two years all the men friends of the clever young author have been saying that he was going to be married to the charming exponent of his ideas, but all her friends have failed to get from her a confirmation of the rumour. However, it has come off at last. The other theatrical bride of the moment is Miss Ellicott, who is playing Mirette at the Savoy. She courageously appeared at her post in the evening of her wedding day, the fact, of course, not being public property.

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VOL. 104, ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.
JANUARY TO JUNE, 1894.

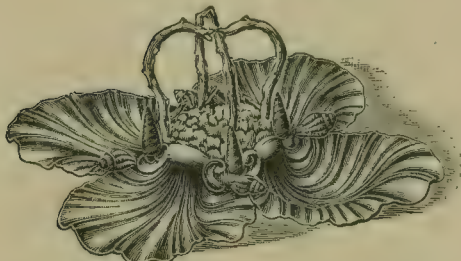
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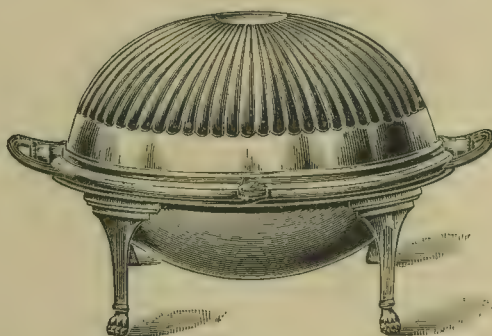
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 18, 1880), with four codicils (dated Oct. 31, 1890; May 3, 1892; and Jan. 15 and Feb. 22, 1894), of Mr. Samuel Sandars, J.P., of 7, De Vere Gardens, Kensington, and Chalfont Grove, Bucks, who died on June 15, was proved on July 9 by Mrs. Elizabeth Maria Sandars, the widow, and the Rev. George Russell Sandars and Francis Hervey Sandars, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £256,000. The testator bequeaths his picture "Tobit and the Angel," by Elsheimer, to the National Gallery; the "Card-Players," by Teniers, to his wife, for life, and then to his son Francis Hervey; his picture "Faith, Hope, and Charity," by Rubens, to his wife, for life, and then to the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge; and there are specific bequests of many valuable books, manuscripts on vellum, and silk, &c., to the Fitzwilliam Museum, the Cambridge University Library, and the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. By the will his picture "The Immaculate Conception," by Murillo, was directed to be offered to the National Gallery at the price of £3000; but this direction is revoked by one of the codicils, and it is to pass with the residue. He also bequeaths £2000 to the University of Cambridge, to found a readership in bibliography; £500 to the University Library, Cambridge, to purchase rare books; and £500 to the Library of Trinity College to purchase books, or for the extension of the fabric or building. There are some specific gifts to his sons; and he gives the remainder of his furniture and effects and his horses and carriages to his wife; £5000 each to his daughters; and £15,000 each to his sons. The Chalfont Grove Estate and all his real property in Buckinghamshire, £5000 of the charge thereon being directed to be paid off out of his general estate, he devises to his son George Russell. All the residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife for life; in the event of her marrying again an annuity of £800 is substituted; at her death £10,000 is to go as she shall appoint; £10,000 further each to his daughters, and the ultimate residue is to be divided between all his sons.

The will (dated Dec. 14, 1893), with a codicil (dated Jan. 3, 1894), of Mr. James Boyd, of 17, Queen's Gate Gardens, who died on June 10, was proved on July 5 by Mrs. Cecilia Clifford Boyd, the widow, and James Craufurd Boyd, the son, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £45,000. The testator bequeaths £500, and all his plate, books, pictures, wines, furniture, household effects, horses and carriages, to his wife; and his residence, 17, Queen's Gate Gardens, to her for life. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children in equal shares. He confirms the settlement made on the marriage with his wife, and appoints her guardian of his infant children.

The will (dated Feb. 28, 1891) of Mr. Samuel Wright Wright, D.L., J.P., of Brattleby Hall, Lincolnshire, who

died on June 17, was proved on July 10 by Philip Chetwood Wright, the son, and the Rev. James Bowden, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £32,000. The testator appoints, under the will of his father, £19,684 to his son Philip Chetwood, and property at Nettleton and Caistor, Lincolnshire, to his son Arthur Samuel; and he gives to the latter any property he may have at Nettleton and Caistor and a legacy to pay for repairs. There are specific bequests of plate and pictures to children; and he bequeaths the remainder of his furniture and effects at Brattleby Hall to his son Philip Chetwood, and at Nettleton to his son Arthur Samuel. He also bequeaths £9000 to his last-named son; £5000 each, upon trust, for his three daughters; and £3000, charged upon the Brattleby Hall estate, upon trust, to pay £100 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Constance Mary, and, subject thereto, for his son Arthur Samuel. The Brattleby Hall estate is further charged with the payment of £200 per annum to his wife, for life, and the advowson and next presentation to the living of Brattleby he gives to his son Arthur Samuel. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son Philip Chetwood. He wishes his son Arthur Samuel to take the name and arms of Turner in addition to that of Wright.

The will (dated Feb. 24, 1894) of Mr. Benjamin Standring, of St. Mary's, Spa Road, Boscombe, Hants, who died on June 5, was proved on July 7 by Mrs. Mary Howell Standring, the widow, Edgar Rowe Everington, and Arnold Baiss, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. The testator bequeaths £500, and his furniture and effects to his wife; an annuity of £100 to his brother John; 50 guineas each to his executors Mr. Everington and Mr. Baiss; £25 each to his sister, Fanny Russell, and his nieces Marion Cumberland and Ellen Cumberland; and legacies to domestic servants, coachman, and gardener. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his nephews and nieces living at his death as tenants in common per capita.

The will (dated Jan. 26, 1893) of Mr. Francis Bedford, of 326, Camden Road, who died on May 15, was proved on June 28 by Mrs. Wilhelmina Bedford and Monier Faithfull Monier-Williams, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £18,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his grandson, Francis Perch Bedford; £100 to Rose Graham; £35 to his brother Henry Bedford; £25 to Mary Graham; £20 each to his godchildren Louisa Fisher and James Perch Bedford; and an annuity of £60 to his sister-in-law Emma Graham. The residue of his property, both real and personal, he gives to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Wilhelmina Bedford.

The will (dated Feb. 4, 1888) of Mr. James Woodley, J.P., D.L., of Halshanger, Ashburton, Devon, who died on April 14, was proved at the Exeter District Registry on June 16 by Mrs. Mary Woodley, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1242. Subject

to the payment of two or three legacies, the testator gives all his real and personal estate to his wife.

The will of Mr. Edmund Austen Willett, J.P., of Strathwell, Whitwell, Isle of Wight, who died on April 6, was proved on June 18 by the Rev. Charles Henry Turner, Miss Catherine Charlotte Covey, and Victor John Austen Willett, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1349.

The will of Dame Sophia Ann Hayes, of Garfield House, Drayton Green Road, Ealing, who died on June 1, was proved on July 6 by Thomas Bond and Robert Hart, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1074.

The will (dated April 17, 1879) of Mr. John Blakey Whitehead, J.P., of Ashday Lea, Rawtenstall, Lancashire, who died on Dec. 29, was proved under a nominal sum at the Lancaster District Registry on June 8 by Richard Budd, one of the surviving executors. The testator leaves all his estate and effects, real and personal, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, Mrs. Mary Whitehead, for life, for the maintenance of herself and such of his children as shall for the time being be under twenty-one; and on the death of his wife for his three children, Mary Florence, Arthur Algernon, and Alice Louisa, in equal shares.

The London County Council has decided to invite tenders for the machinery and plant and for the generating station of the electric light on the Victoria Embankment and on Waterloo and Westminster Bridges.

In Norway the Legislature has adopted a law for important changes in the system on which the liquor trade of the country is managed. Henceforward 65 per cent. of the profits from the sale of drink will be handed over to the State for an old-age pension fund.

The Conference of Miners at Newcastle-on-Tyne, convened by the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, has discussed the suggestion of the Durham miners that there should be a national policy for the protection of mining labour. Division of feeling was exhibited, and the conference adjourned for a month.

A case has just been decided at Kreuzburg, Germany, in which Messrs. Martell and Co., the well-known brandy shippers of Cognac, had instituted a criminal prosecution against a merchant for imitating their labels. It was proved that the man had affixed these labels to thousands of bottles containing spurious brandy, and carrying imitations of Messrs. Martell and Co.'s branded capsules and corks. The defendant was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and to pay the costs of the prosecution. The accused had agreed to ship two large consignments to this country, but 1500 cases were detained by the Customs on arrival in England, and 500 cases were seized while in the hands of the carriers at Breslau, in consequence of the criminal prosecution instituted in the meanwhile.



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THE OPERA.

The season is dying fast, and the end will come none too soon for those whose mental and physical powers have been severely tested by the unprecedented strain of the past few weeks. The long procession of novelties at Covent Garden will conclude with Mr. Emil Bach's new one-act opera, "The Lady of Longford," the libretto of which is a combined effort on the part of Sir Augustus Harris and Mr. F. E. Weatherly. Concerning the music and the performance of this second essay by the composer of "Irenegarda," we hope to speak next week. Meanwhile, there seems every justification for praising the story—an effective and stirring little drama, supposed to be enacted at the country seat of the Royalist Earl of Longford, shortly after the disastrous defeat inflicted upon King Charles's troops at Naseby. A price has been put upon the Earl's head, and his house is occupied by Roundhead troops, who are diligently searching the neighbourhood for him. The Countess is virtually at the mercy of the Roundhead Colonel, who, fascinated by her beauty, offers to save her husband's life in exchange for "an hour of her love." While she is reflecting upon her unhappy lot, and praying for her husband's safety, the Earl creeps unobserved into the house and, after a tender interview with his wife and their little daughter Muriel, conceals himself in a secret passage communicating with the apartment. The Colonel returns, and during supper makes violent love to the Countess. Ultimately his unpleasant attentions compel the lady to call for help, whereupon the Earl rushes in and draws his sword upon the Colonel, who, however, gets the best of the combat, and inflicts a fatal wound upon the unlucky Cavalier. Then comes the wife's turn. She imprints a kiss upon the dead man's face, clutches his dagger from his belt, and as the brutal Colonel again approaches her, jumps up at him with a shriek of execration and stabs him to the heart. As regards melodramatic intensity, therefore, "The Lady of Longford" is not out of the running with the other short operas that have been seen this season. It remains to be seen what other qualities it possesses to entitle it to follow in the wake of "Cavalleria," "Pagliacci," and "La Navarraise."

Several of the leading Covent Garden artists have recently had the honour of singing before the Queen after dinner at Windsor Castle. Madame Calvé, M. Alvarez, and M. Plançon gave quite a delightful selection of French music one evening, including some excerpts from "Carmen" which her Majesty had expressed a special desire to hear Madame Calvé sing again. On Tuesday, July 17, a selection from Mr. Cowen's opera "Signa" was performed at Windsor by the principal members of the cast, Madame Sigrid Arnoldson, Mr. Ben Davies, and Signor Ancona; the composer playing the accompaniments upon the pianoforte. It will be remembered that the Queen had some time ago accepted the dedication of Mr. Cowen's work, and the graciousness of the compliment was therefore the more deeply appreciated. Last, but not least, her Majesty's operatic entertainers have comprised MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszke, who compiled a most interesting programme, in which they were

accompanied by Signor Testi. The famous Polish brothers are as great favourites at Covent Garden as they are at Covent Garden, and that is saying much. By the way, they have appeared twice, with Madame Melba, M. Plançon, and M. Dufriche, in M. Bemberg's "Elaine," playing the parts which they created two years ago. The alterations made by the composer in the construction of his opera have evoked various opinions, but on the whole it is generally agreed that they have improved the work.

Verdi's "Aida" has yet to become a genuinely popular opera in this country. Even with the strongest of casts it cannot be relied on to draw a big house, and the cast with which it was given for the first time this summer on Tuesday, July 17, was too unequal to ensure a crowd. Yet the audience was liberal in the matter of applause, and overlooked the shortcomings of Signor Morello—perhaps the worst Radamès we have ever seen—with a measure of indulgence only to be met with in an English opera-house. Not quite as bad as the tenor, but still far from satisfactory was Signor Maggi, the baritone who played Amonasro: he has a voice of agreeable quality, but altogether inadequate as regards power for such a part as this. Madame Adini, whose début as Valentina towards the end of May had almost been forgotten, made an Aida of imposing presence and excellent dramatic capacity; her rendering of the music was admirable in a declamatory sense, though lacking in the essential attribute of charm, especially in the beautiful air which Aida sings outside the Egyptian temple in the third act. In the duet with Amneris, Madame Adini was well supported by Mlle. Giulia Ravogli, whose impersonation of the jealous Princess was characterised, as usual, by much vigour and picturesqueness of style. It was a treat to hear such voices as those of M. Edouard de Reszke and M. Plançon in the parts of Ramfis and the King, and the two artists lent distinction to every scene in which they took part.

The retirement from public life of Miss Liza Lehmann, on the eve of her marriage with Mr. Herbert Bedford, was marked by a farewell concert, given at St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon, July 14. It must be candidly admitted that the charming singer did her best on this occasion to enhance the regret which has been universally awakened in musical circles by her disappearance from the platform that she had adorned. She never sang with greater piquancy and grace or with more refinement and finish of style. Her delivery of such well-known items of her repertoire as Hook's "O listen to the voice of love," Thome's "Les Perles d'Or" and "La charmante Marguerite," distinguished once more, as it was, by qualities unsurpassable of their kind, naturally evoked the enthusiasm of the large and demonstrative audience, who recalled the artist again and again. Miss Lehmann was also represented in the programme by more than one vocal composition, while an "Ave Maria" for contralto solo and chorus by Mr. Bedford (an old student at the Guildhall School of Music) formed an appropriate item of the concert, which was further contributed to by several well-known artists.

OBITUARY.

SIR GILBERT GREENALL, BART.

Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bart., of Walton Hall, Cheshire, died on July 10 at Tilstone House, Tarporley. He was born in 1806, and was youngest son of Mr. Edward Greenall, of Wilderspool, Cheshire. From 1847 to 1868, 1874 to 1880, and 1885 to 1892 he represented Warrington in Parliament. Having been High Sheriff of Cheshire in 1873, he was in 1876 created a Baronet. Sir Gilbert was twice married: in 1836 to Mary, daughter of Mr. David Claughton, of Haydock, in the county of Lancaster, and in 1864 to Susannah, daughter of Mr. John Louis Rapp. His only son, now Sir Gilbert Greenall, was formerly a lieutenant in the Cheshire Yeomanry Cavalry. He was born March 30, 1867, and is unmarried.



We have also to record the deaths of—

Alexandrina Julia Dowager Lady Forester. She was daughter of Count Von Maltzan, Prussian Envoy at Vienna. Her first husband was Frederick James, third Viscount Melbourne. In 1856 she married John George Weld, second Baron Forester, P.C., who died Oct. 10, 1874.

The Hon. Frances Elizabeth Dame Cunynghame, on July 9. She was daughter of Field-Marshal Viscount Hardinge, G.C.B., and widow of General Sir Arthur Cunynghame, G.C.B., who died March 1884. She was one of the ladies of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India.

Major-General Walter Newman, late of the Royal Artillery, on July 15, aged fifty-six. He entered the Army in 1855, and served through the Egyptian War in 1882.

Herr Bruno Piglhein, the German artist, on July 15, aged forty-six. After working for years in oils he turned to crayons, and with them achieved undoubted success.

Mr. John F. Dunn, the well-known London bookseller, on July 12, aged fifty-seven. He was one of the earliest to adopt the discount system.

Mr. W. H. Worthington, head of the famous brewing firm at Burton-on-Trent, on July 15, aged sixty-eight. He had recently given £10,000 to the infirmary at Burton, in which borough he was the first to hold the mayoral office.

Major-General H. P. Hulton, on July 12. He was present at Sebastopol, and served through the Sulej campaign.

Dr. Joseph Hyrtl, the great anatomist of Vienna University, on July 17, aged eighty-four. Probably no scientific works have had such widespread popularity as Professor Hyrtl's "The Anatomy of Man" and "Topographic Anatomy," books which have been translated into most European languages. As a linguist of great ability Dr. Hyrtl also won fame, and his classes attracted medical students from all parts of the globe. Latterly he suffered the loss of his eyesight, but "died learning." Vienna in him has lost one of her greatest sons.

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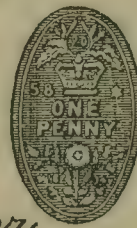
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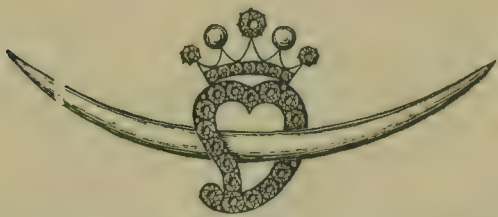
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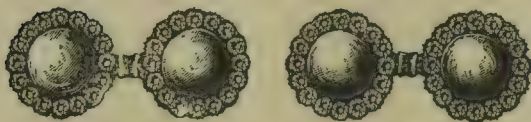
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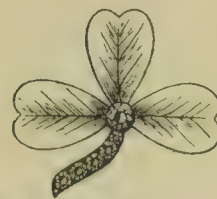
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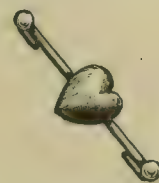
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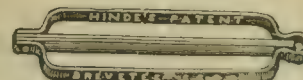
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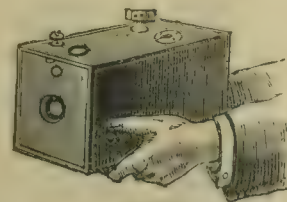
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Creatures of Other Days. By the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson. With illustrations by J. Smit and others. (Chapman and Hall, 1894.)—Mr. Hutchinson exhibited to public gaze a veritable wild beast show in his book on "Extinct Monsters," but as a large number of the gruesome specimens were left out for want of space, they are brought before us in this supplemental volume. And, truly, as the procession of anomalous and repugnant-looking creatures defiles past us, we feel that never did the imagination of man in his myth-making stage conceive forms so hideous or fear-inspiring. Mandeville's "griffin greater than vii. Lyons and stallworthier [old form of "stalwart"] than a 100 eagles, so that he wyl beare to his nest, flying, a horse and man or two oxen"; Olaf Magnus's sea-monster, which, like the fish in "Sindbad the Sailor," was mistaken for an island, so that the mariners cast anchor in him, but, taking the further liberty of lighting a fire on his back, caused him to "turn turtle," so that "the subsequent proceedings interested them no more"; the claw-footed harpies; the scaly-bodied Lamiae; the three-headed chimeras; the Gorgons whose terrible gaze turned the beholder to stone; Shakspeare's "Anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders"; and Milton's "gryphons who chase the (one-eyed) Arimaspi"—one and all pale before the dragons of sea and air whose bones were not unreasonably mistaken by men of old for those of antediluvian giants.

For all-knowledge lay submerged for centuries in the

tradition of the Flood. It explained everything, from the naughtiness of man to the sea-shells on high mountain tops. Pythagoras and one or two other Greeks had broached the theory that sea and land had changed places, and that fossils are the remains of plants and animals, but that theory remained fallow for two thousand years until Da Vinci the painter, and Palissy the potter, revived it. Then years passed before it was discovered that the fossils—shells, bones, corals, and the like—were deposited in a certain order; each layer of fossil-yielding rock having its own type of remains, the older the rock the simpler the type. In these days of shilling primers, of course everybody knows that the rocks fall into three great divisions, the earliest embracing the Primary Epoch, known as the Age of Ferns and Fishes; the later, the Secondary Epoch, known as the Age of Pines and Reptiles; and the latest, the Tertiary Epoch, known as the Age of Leaf-Forests and Mammals. Now, it is of the animals dominant in the Age of Reptiles that Mr. Hutchinson treats. His former volume dealt with the bigger specimens—as Mosasaurus, the true sea-serpent of Cretaceous times; Triceratops, a blend of rhinoceros and crocodile; Stegosaurus, a huge creature with two sets of brains, one in the skull and the other near the haunches, and with a crest of large triangular plates along the back; and other Deinosauria, as these colossal lizards are generally termed. The larger specimens have been found in the land of all big products, from pumpkins to railway smashes, the search after some of them by Professor Marsh among the Rockies having all the excitement of a romance. Red Cloud, the great Sioux

chief, thought that gold—not old bones—was the object of the savants' expedition, and things looked serious. But in the end, Red Cloud, White Tail, and the other leaders were reassured, accepted an invite to dinner, and, in return, offered the Professor a feast, at which dog's flesh was the *pièce de résistance*, but he pleaded "a previous engagement." Although in point of bulk the life-forms described in this volume impress us less, they interest us more, in so far as they exhibit features of existing animal types and of relationship to familiar groups, as in the tusked lizard Dicynodon, which has likeness to reptilian and mammalian forms. Be it noted that the earliest known mammals—small marsupials, or pouched opossum-like creatures—appear side by side with the monsters, some of whom were flesh-eaters, of the Age of Reptiles. These marsupials were the forerunners of the winners in the ceaseless struggle for life. Varying the couplet on Nature, "Her 'prentice han' shaped life's rough plan, And then she made the mammals O," these further prove that size counts for little; the larger animals are less able to resist changes than the smaller, because when the conditions which enabled them to reach a great size have altered they have been the first to perish. It is the smaller, nimbler, and—for herein lies the core of the matter—the larger-brained animals that more readily adapt themselves to surrounding changes. Hence is explained their long time-range compared with those of unwieldy structure and small brains. So the reptiles of the Secondary Epoch, perhaps the crocodile excepted, have left only dwarfed representatives, while

MONTE CARLO.
THE SEASON.

The winter season on the Riviera is rendered much more enjoyable by the facilities of access to Monte Carlo, with the multitude of quick trains on the double line of railway between Nice and Mentone, enabling parties to return, after a performance at a theatre or a concert, or in the evening after dinner, to any of the towns on the coast where visitors are accustomed to sojourn.

The Monte Carlo Theatre, under the able direction of M. Raoul Cosulich, is now giving the "Natch" in which Judo achieved a success equal to that of his last season, and a company all of whom earned their share of applause; the aristocratic and fashionable audience comprised many who came to Monte Carlo from Nice and Cannes, and from Mentone; among those present were the Grand Duchess Pauline of Russia and the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg.

The programme of the Monte Carlo Theatre continued with "La Fille de Madame Angot," performed by Mesdames Montazuc and Gilberte, Messrs. David and Paul Bert; "Mon Prince," by Audran; and "Ray Blas," with Momet-Sully, on Jan. 9. The director had secured the first representation, out of Paris, of "Mon Prince," which in the capital had achieved so great a success.

The programme from March 10 to April 1 consisted of two representations every week in the following order: "Samson et Dalila," by Saint-Saëns, with Madame Deschamps-Jéhin, Saleza and Fabre; "La Sonnambula," Madame Marcella Sculchich, Messrs. Queyria and Boudouresque, fils; "Amy Robson," by Edouard de Lara, with Madame Schuch and Messrs. Michelssch and Queyria; "Rigoletto," "La Fille du Régiment," and on April 17, to close, "Les Dragons de Villars," performed by Mlle. Elven, M. Queyria, and M. Boudouresque, fils.

In the meantime, on March 15, the above list of entertainments at the theatre was accompanied by other interesting proceedings at Monte Carlo.

There are the Conférences to be held by M. Francisque Sarcey.

Twice a week, Thursday and Sunday, there are the Classical and International Concerts, under the competent direction of M. Arthur Stock.

Every day will have its artistic performance and attraction.

The International Fine Arts Exhibition, opened on Jan. 16, is superior to those of past years, in the choice and value of the works collected, paintings by great masters, and in the arrangements made by the efforts of the distinguished president, M. Georges de Dramard.

Her Serene Highness Princess Alice has accepted the honorary presidency of the committee of patrons and patronesses. Among the names are Messrs. Bonnet, Gélime, Jules Lefebvre, Deuille, and Barrias, of the Institut, Bartholdi, Burne-Jones, Carvallo, Duran, Edelfelt, Sir Frederick Leighton, De Madrazo, Paolo Michetti, Munkesey, and Alfred Stevens. The managing committee, with M. de Dramard, have been able to collect examples of the most esteemed French and foreign artists.

Monte Carlo has other recreations and pastimes; it affords lawn tennis, pigeon-shooting, fencing, and various sports, exercises, and amusements; besides the enjoyment of sunshine and pure air in the marvellously fine climate, where epidemic diseases are unknown.

Visitors coming to Monte Carlo, if it be only for one day or a few hours, find themselves in a place of enchanting beauty and mild-climate. Breakfasting or dining at one of the renowned establishments here, and meeting persons of their acquaintance, they find all the gaiety of Parisian life, while scenes of extraordinary beauty at every turn and every glance, are presented to the eye, and winter here does not exist.

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TRANSLATION.

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Yours faithfully, "JNO. SMITH."

"Chester Road, Brownhills, Walsall,
June 20, 1894.
"Sir,—I have great pleasure in forwarding the portraits of my three little boys—Donald, three and a half years old; Harold, two years and two months; and Edmund, six months. They have all been fed upon your Food, which I find better than excellent. They are health and contentment personified, physics and powders are almost unknown to them: I do not think 5s. has been spent in that way for all of them. They are the youngest of a family of eight children, the others well on in their teens.
Yours faithfully,
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the smaller mammals have developed through an ascending series into the Primates, which includes man. Although interest attaches itself to the more or less anomalous forms which foreshadow features that belong properly to the mammals, Mr. Hutchinson wisely gives prominence to the story of the remarkable discoveries which, as he remarks, "constitute the most complete chain of Evolution yet known to the paleontologist"—namely, of the series of fossil forms connecting the winner of the Derby and the carthorse with a five-toed ancestor, a creature about the size of a fox, whose remains are found in Eocene deposits in Wyoming. It is a curious chapter in the history of life-changes that the true horse, after roaming over the whole of the New World, as proved by fossil remains, should, from causes which are obscure, have become extinct, and that the wild horses which now scamper over the Pampas should be the descendants of animals introduced by the Spaniards some three hundred years ago. The example supplied by the evidence of the descent of the earliest type of the horse, with that of tapirs and rhinoceroses, from a common ancestor, should tend to silence

objections drawn from the supposed absence of missing links in the chain of life. The materials at hand as keys to the order and unbroken relation of life-forms are enormous and ever-increasing. From them the past is being reconstructed; they are the manuscripts which tell, in completer form than the earth's destroying agencies could have warranted our expectation, the story of life, its antiquity, changes, succession, and distribution. Mr. Hutchinson has told that story in as clear language as the subject permits, and in so far as he and his artists have brought their imagination into play in the pictures of the probable external appearance of extinct animals, they have the testimony of an expert, Sir W. H. Flower, that the creatures are depicted "according to the best evidence at present available."—E. C.

The Royal Veterinary College, in College Street, Camden Town, was visited by the Duke of Cambridge on July 13 at its annual meeting of subscribers, when Colonel Sir Nigel Kingscote, president of the Board of Governors, had a satisfactory report to present. There were 327 students;

during last year 52 had obtained the diploma of the Royal College of Surgeons, sixty passed the first professional examination, and 51 the second. The number of animals brought for advice or treatment was 1292, and 1012 horses were examined for soundness.

The training-ship *Shaftesbury*, established by the London School Board in the Thames at Grays, was visited by the Duke of York on July 10, when the boys were inspected, and the Rev. Andrew Drew, chairman of the managers, with the Rev. J. R. Digglo, thanked his Royal Highness. Since the commencement, in 1878, this industrial school-ship has received 2244 boys, about half of whom have entered the mercantile marine or the navy, or joined regimental bands, or obtained other situations.

The Prince of Wales's yacht *Britannia* has repeatedly in the present yachting season defeated the American yacht *Vigilant*, owned by Mr. George Gould, and at the Royal Ulster Club Regatta, on July 16, in Belfast Lough, the *Vigilant* was beaten for the seventh time; but another match is arranged for Aug. 4, at Cowes, for a cup value £100.

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Awarded the
HIGHEST HONOURS
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Restores Gray or White Hair to its ORIGINAL
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Is not a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin,
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Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER
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They will not entangle or break the Hair.
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Made in Five Colours.

12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS, now being sold by
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LADIES TRAVELLING, VISITORS TO THE SEASIDE,

And others, exposed to the Scorching Rays of the Sun and heated particles of Dust,
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ROWLANDS' KALYDOR

Has a most Cooling, Soothing, Healing, and Invigorating effect on the Face, Hands, and Arms
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Soothes and heals all Irritation, Stings of Insects,
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Renders the Skin Soft, Smooth, and Delicate, and
produces a beautifully Fair and Healthy Com-
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Preserves, Strengthens, and Beautifies the Hair,
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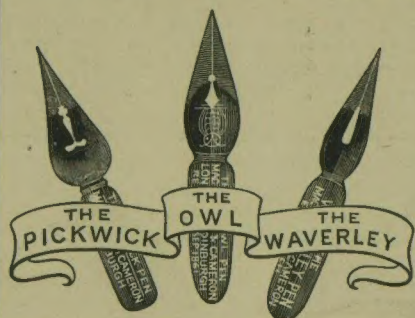
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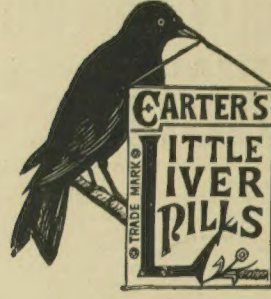
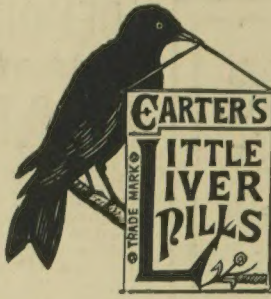




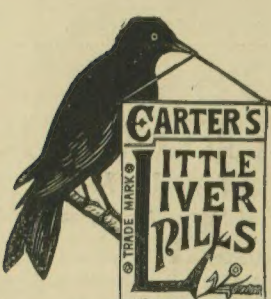

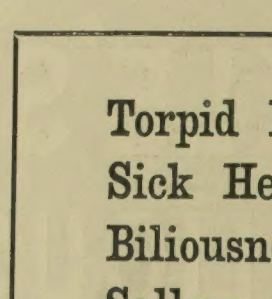
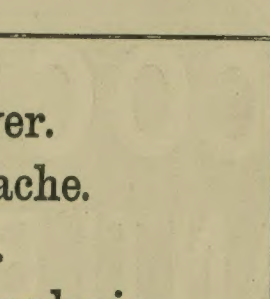


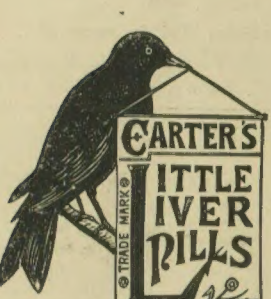

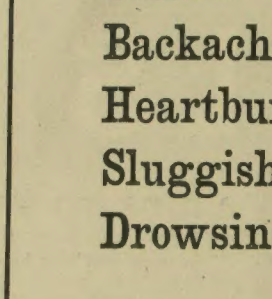
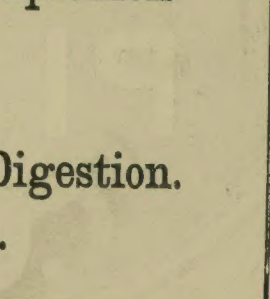








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